YOUNG HOCKEY CHAMPIONS

ANDY O'BRIEN

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YOUNG HOCKEY CHAMPIONS

BOOKS BY ANDY O'BRIEN

Rocket Richard
Headline Hockey
Daredevils of Niagara
Hockey Wingman
Fire-Wagon Hockey
My Friend the Hangman
The Iron Curtain (in collaboration with Igor Gouzenko)
Young Hockey Champions

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YOUNG HOCKEY CHAMPIONS

By Andy O'Brien

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DEDICATED

to the boys in their teens who reached for the harsh man-world of the National Hockey League to live the meaning of this
Verse Written On A Window In Scotland:

Tender-handed stroke a nettle,
And it stings you for your pains;
Grasp it like a man of mettle,
And it soft as silk remains.

Aaron Hill, 1685–1750

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FOREWORD

The editor called during the summer of 1968.

"I've been wondering," he said, "if many of the greats of hockey made it to the National Hockey League as boys in their teens? I know of teen-aged champions in other sports. Like Cassius Clay who became Olympic light-heavyweight champ at eighteen. Like Johnny Weissmuller, the original movie Tarzan we still see on late-late television, who won three Olympic gold medals at nineteen. In baseball there was Mel Ott who reached the major leagues at the age of sixteen.

"Somehow hockey seems different. It's rough and demands enormous endurance. A place for he-men, for sure, but not for boys in their teens. If I'm wrong it could be a book."

How "wrong" can an editor be?

Frankly, even after thirty-five years in the press boxes of the hockey major leagues I didn't realize until I did some research that one could form a dazzling all-star team with just the players who started professional play before they were of voting age.

For instance, there were two complete forward lines plus an extra player who were members of the National Hockey

League's ultra-exclusive, 300-goal club. A mythical starting line could read: Bobby Hull at left wing, Stan Mikita at center, and Gordie Howe at right wing—a winning line for any era, and all were eighteen years old when they began play in the NHL. As all hockey fans know, they soon became stars of the league. Combine the career trophies of the Chicago Black Hawks' Hull and Mikita with those of the Detroit Red Wings' Howe and you'll find a total of thirteen scoring championship awards and ten Most Valuable Player trophies among a heap of cups and statues that would fill your bedroom.

Or perhaps you'd prefer the Montreal Canadiens' "Mr. Everything," Jean Beliveau, at center; or his team mate, Henri Richard, also a center of superstar status. Both qualified as NHL sensations while in their teens. As a matter of fact, Henri is technically far ahead of all the other qualifiers for a select team, because he had not yet celebrated his fifth birthday when he became a full-fledged Canadien!

(Keep that in mind for a Sport Quiz Show. The reason: Henri was born on February 29, 1936, so he has an actual birthday only in Leap Years—that is, every four years.)

Another qualifier is the "Big M," Frank Mahovlich, left wing, for whom the Toronto Maple Leafs turned down an offer of 1 million dollars. When, six seasons later, he was the key figure in the trade of '68 that sent him to Detroit, he celebrated his new career as a Red Wing by becoming the eleventh player in NHL history to score 400 goals—just before the astonishing 1971 trade to Canadiens that saw him emerge a towering star in their stranger-than-fiction surge to the Stanley Cup.

And, at right wing, "Boom Boom" Geoffrion, producer of nearly 400 goals with the Canadiens and the New York Rangers, had to be considered an outstanding figure among the seven qualifiers for forward positions.

Ask any of the seven about his first goal and he'll say, "I thought it would never come."

Howe added to the author, "And when it finally did I honestly thought my NHL career in the record book would end with one lonely goal because it took so long to get another."

But, when he made the comment at the end of 1967-68, Howe's regular-season total had soared to 688! Now, as I revise the book in 1971, that total has mounted to 786—a record you are unlikely to see matched in your lifetime. The closest active player (Bobby Hull) has 554 and Howe is still playing.

If you add Howe's goals to those of his six fellow forwards who are also members of the 300-goal club, you'll find the seven players turned on the red light behind opposing goalers 3,325 times!

For the defense, Howell and Orr dramatically qualified in 1968 when the editor called. Howell (then with Rangers) had been voted the best NHL defenseman in 1967 and was followed in 1968 by the Bruins' 19-year-old Bobby Orr (who had been voted rookie of the year in 1967). Orr, of course, made a habit of winning the top rearguard award, repeating in 1969, 1970 and 1971 (also the most valuable player award in 1970 and 1971).

Leo Boivin, currently scouting for Minnesota, was a handy choice in 1968 as the last of the great bodychecking blasters. Taking over as Detroit coach was Bill Gadsby, a seven-time all-star defenseman, and I couldn't resist reaching into the Hockey Hall of Fame for Frank (King) Clancy, now assistant manager-coach of the Toronto Maple Leafs, who won his way into this book as a 127-pound boy defenseman—unthinkable as it seems now—in the savage early days of the NHL, when a winning team seemed to be the team with the most players still standing up at the end of a game.

As for goalers, you've often read it's the one position that demands more than youth can offer, namely experience.

But, if you thumb back through the NHL record book, you will find that Harry Lumley and Terry Sawchuk were voted to the first and second All-Star teams respectively for two successive seasons (1953–54 and 1954–55). Lumley and Sawchuk were discovered by Detroit and turned pro at the ages of sixteen and seventeen respectively.

Then there's the "New Breed" I can't help injecting—they qualify as exciting "teenage entrants" into the NHL and will likely qualify as top stars as well. Boston's Derek Sanderson and Buffalo's Gil Perreault have already won the rookie-of-the-year awards which is a whale of a start. I believe Vancouver's Dale Tallon is going to make it big on defense. I believe, as this is written on the eve of the 1971-72 season, that in Canadiens' 130-goal junior sensation, Guy Lafleur, they have a superstar in the making to replace the just retired Jean Beliveau.

This could go on but the editor asked for only one book.

MONTREAL, 1971. ANDY O'BRIEN

STAN MIKITA

"Meanest Kid on the Rink"

When you look at Stan Mikita in action in the National Hockey League, you see why he was once called the "meanest kid on the rink."

Today's superstar of the Chicago Black Hawks drew that tag at the age of eight in his very first game of hockey in Canada at St. Catharines, Ontario. He continued to merit the title on his way up through various levels of amateur hockey and into the NHL when he was only eighteen years old and weighed a mere 160 pounds. He continued to be mean and tough as he skated to stardom in seven complete seasons. And then in the Boston Garden on the night of November 6, 1966, he made an astonishing decision. Up to that moment of decision he had served a total of 854 penalty minutes for unnecessarily rough play in 539 regular and playoff NHL games. This means he had spent time equivalent to 14 complete games in the penalty box.

What happened on the night of November 6 to change all this? Let Stan himself tell you:

"We (the Black Hawks) were leading the Bruins in the third period but only by 3 to 2. The Bruins were pressing hard with their power play because I was sitting on the penalty bench with a roughing penalty that left me asking myself, 'What are you doing here, stupid?'

"I had thrown a silly bit of wouldn't-hurt-a-fly punishment

at my cover, Bruins' Pit Martin. I guess I was still steamed up because I had let Martin get away from me in the first period to put the Bruins ahead for a while, 2 to 1. So-o-o, just to soothe my own selfish impulses, I had left my team shorthanded with only a one-goal lead while knowing that more than one-quarter of all NHL goals are scored on shorthanded opposition."

Actually, Chicago went on to win, 4 to 2, but it didn't change the decision Mikita had made. He says with a characteristic grin that makes you wonder whether he is about to say something nice or nasty, "It was the most important decision of my hockey life—to stop trying to get even immediately on anybody who did anything to me on the ice and to retaliate in a later-and-legal way."

He explains, "When you get a reputation as a scorer in the NHL you've got to hand it back or you'll be the target for every elbow, knee, and stick in the league. But I decided never to hand it back right away when the referee and fans are watching for me to do something. I make a note to hand it back when I can do so well and legally—hockey allows enough in the way of bodychecking to shake any guy without breaking the rules."

It is one thing to make a good resolution but another to carry it out, especially when it means changing the habits of a hockey lifetime. But, to the utter amazement of the press-box voters themselves at the end of the 1966–67 NHL season, they had to award Mikita the Lady Byng Memorial Trophy presented annually to the player judged "to have exhibited the best type of sportsmanship and gentlemanly conduct combined with a high standard of playing ability."

The award made it quite a season for the reformed one. He was also voted the Hart (most valuable player to his team) Trophy, and for the third time in four seasons, he won the Art

Ross Trophy as scoring champion. It marked the first time that the venerable (half-century-old) league had seen one player win all three trophies in one season.

Stan skated into 1967–68 in such a rush that it soon became evident he was out to build a concrete wall around his "famous first" in the NHL record book. He did the "impossible," winning all three trophies again, including a fourth scoring title in five seasons.

Born Stanislaus Gvoth in remote Sokolce on the eastern side of Czechoslovakia, on May 20, 1940, the future Black Hawk superstar was brought to Canada in 1948 by a loving uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Mikita of St. Catharines. His parents grieved to see Stan go, but Czechoslovakia was still sick from World War II, and they realized it was to Stan's benefit. Adopted by the Mikitas, Stan took their name.

"It was sure a break for the broadcasters," he comments. "Imagine how they'd be stumbling over Gvoth."

He had trouble with the other boys right from the start. It was mainly a matter of language. He didn't understand a word of English, and when he detected any other boy making fun or seeming to make fun of him, Stan began fighting. Just a "nasty tone of voice" angered him.

He could skate fairly well but had never seen hockey played until he watched at a neighborhood playground rink. His uncle bought him a stick and some equipment, but it took a while to coax his way into a game.

The fact was that the superstar of today, for whom any National Hockey League team would cheerfully mortgage its rink, simply wasn't wanted. The scrawny, awkward boy with the nasty temper literally had to wait for a kid team to become short of players before he could get into a game.

When he did get on the ice, Stanislaus didn't exactly try to make himself popular.

"The first thing I did when a kid tried to skate past me," Stan recalls, "was to bash him across the shins with my stick. That started a fight with a guy bigger than myself. I took a beating but it didn't stop me fighting. I guess I got to thinking that hockey and fighting went together. Even when I began to learn English, things didn't change much because the other kids used to yell 'D.P.' [Displaced Person] at me and I'd fight on the street as well as on the rink.

"I made a profound discovery early in hockey—that thin air doesn't stop your elbow but a nice, round face does. I came to feel that having a permanent chip on my shoulder was as important a piece of equipment as a stick. This feeling extended to yelling at referees, which cost me misconduct penalties right into my National Hockey League years."

Mikita injects a lesson from his own past for all young boys in hockey, "It's simply this; a quick temper becomes a habit. It took me a long time to learn that it isn't necessary. You can play it rough, really rough, without being mean.

"I would say that ninety percent of the guys in the NHL prefer a rough game to one of those free-wheeling, poke-checking games. Usually it's not nearly as rough out there as it looks to the fans; we're well padded. We often make a lot of noise when we hit the boards but as long as we don't stay stiff there isn't much chance of getting hurt. Hockey gets mean when elbows come into it and guys are working to get your goat or going for you when you haven't got the puck. When it's rough and legal nobody seems to get mad."

Stan Mikita voices a sort of professional praise for a lot of players but he treats only one as his idol, Chicago Black Hawk fellow star Bobby Hull.

Stan and the Golden Jet were playmates in St. Catharines at the age of twelve. They were on the same football, soccer, and hockey teams. When, a few seasons ago, CBS made a half-

hour film for television on Mikita and held a press party to introduce the film, Stan spent most of his time as guest of honor telling of the exploits of Bobby Hull while the two were in high school.

Every now and again, however, vague rumors about Hull-Mikita friction due to headline rivalry creep into print (usually when the Hawks hit a slump). The last such rumor was squelched by Mikita this way, "Bobby and I have been pals since our school days and we still are. Last summer I even took my family to visit him at his farm. Sure he gets bigger and better publicity, but did you ever go into a grocery store with a handful of press clippings and try to buy something? I haven't got the blond curls for those swim-suit ads Bobby appears in, but I'll gladly take the leftovers. The more goals he scores on the ice the more money goes into my pocket."

In award money alone for his two big seasons, 1966–68, Stan picked up over 20,000 dollars.

Eyebrows lifted recently when Dickie Moore, 1968 comeback sensation with St. Louis Blues, and a two-time scoring champ while with Montreal Canadiens, was asked which of the two men he would choose to start with—Hull or Mikita—if he were forming a team.

"Unquestionably Mikita," replied Moore.

You have to concentrate on Mikita for a whole game before you realize just how good he is. The glamor boys capture the spotlight but Mikita performs best as a team player.

Whereas most NHL centers give away the puck and get it back in close to the opposing net, Mikita's style is to get the puck across the blue line and then throw it off to somebody who is breaking on a wing.

"When it doesn't work out that way," he says, "and I have to shoot, I think of an inverted T extending out from the goaler. The top of the T is twenty-five feet out and the arms

extend fifteen feet on either side of the line from the goaler. That top of the T is my firing range."

In case you're wondering if the plan really works, you need look back no further than 1966–67 when, for the first time in the club's forty-year history, Chicago Black Hawks finished a regular NHL season in first place. The "Scooter Line," consisting of center Stan, flanked by Ken Wharram on right wing and Doug Mohns on left, accounted for a total of 91 goals, more than one-third of the Hawks' entire total of 264.

A seasonal performance such as that has to be more than luck; you see what goes into it only backstage at closed-to-the-public practices and in their game post-mortem. The way they sweat at polishing plays on ice and the way they rehash mistakes, seeking the "why's," has prompted many veteran hockey writers to comment, "No amateurs ever enjoy hockey more and certainly no amateurs work harder at their game."

If a young reader with a love for hockey wants to learn one key lesson from the Scooters it's that there is no substitute for a shot on goal. Pretty stick-handling and playmaking in front of the net add up to wasted effort if a shot on goal isn't produced.

The Scooters deliberately adopted crisp nicknames. Mikita is "Kita," Wharram is "Whip," and Mohns is "Mohnsie." If any one of them thinks he has an opening while a mate has the puck, he'll yell for the puck—"Whip!" if he thinks there's some time or "Whip! Whip!" if he thinks there's little time.

"We keep reminding ourselves," says Mikita, "that the guys opposing us are so quick in their reflexes that a split second of hesitation can end our scoring chance. In the NHL that split second gives those goalers a particular edge."

In the Scooters' inverted-T attack plan, Mikita thinks first as a playmaker but has a definite point at which he blasts a

shot if he can't pass. This system makes him a double-threat menace. A checker never knows whether to press him to block a shot or to drop off him to intercept a pass.

The most candid admission of how difficult it is to cover Mikita came after the 1964–65 season when he won the scoring title with 28 goals and 59 assists. Canadiens' coach Toe Blake confessed that Mikita "almost drove us up the wall this season" while Canadiens were on their way to the Stanley Cup, emblem of the world's professional hockey championship.

The visiting team must post its starting lineup first, which gives the home team a chance to assign the best checker on a starting star.

"So what happened last season?" said Blake. "In Montreal games I matched off big Jean Beliveau on Mikita a while, in games at Chicago, it would usually result in Henri Richard covering Mikita. Yet our final statistical breakdown shows that Mikita scored one goal and assisted on seven others in Montreal while, in Chicago, he assisted on seven goals. In other words, despite our determined efforts and skilled checkers he was in on fifteen goals against Canadiens—most of them on our own ice. What should we do—shoot him?"

Stan has a rough sense of humor that delights his mates but often registers the wrong way on receivers.

There was the night at the Montreal Forum that Claude Larose, normally a placid, hard-working Canadien and Mikita were sent off for a rather routine double offense. After they took their seats at opposite ends of the penalty bench, Larose suddenly went wild with rage. For a while it looked like a real rumble, with cops and the Canadien trainer rushing to restrain Larose while Mikita pushed to the far end of the bench laughing. In the Chicago room after the game he had his mates

howling over what had happened. At the hotel he had asked a French-Canadian bellhop to teach him "the nastiest French phrase he could think of." Mikita rehearsed the phrase all afternoon before springing it on the already aroused Larose.

"It sure worked out well," sighed Mikita, "because we got rid of Larose for another ten minutes [misconduct penalty] but, would you believe it, I still don't know exactly what the phrase meant. I must ask Larose about it some time, a long time after he's retired and in a wheelchair."

When he received the unprecedented three-trophy award in the spring of 1967 at a special NHL reception during the Stanley Cup finals at Toronto, Mikita tersely cut photographers short with, "That's enough, boys."

At the same time he amused reporters with an explanation for his reformation into a Lady Byng Trophy winner. (Headline writers had a picnic with the award: MIKITA GOES FROM BANG TO BYNG.) He said, "With a wife, two kids, and a mortgage I could no longer afford fines that go with misconduct penalties."

There are two sides to Stan Mikita. One is the cold-fish, irreverent, professional hockey player who passed up an honor every hockey kid dreams of—playing in an All-Star Game with and against the greats of the sport. In September, 1963, he missed the "dream game" because he was holding out for more money.

"The Hawks aren't paying me what I'm worth," he told the press, "so don't blame me." He got his new contract.

The other side of Stan Mikita is the doting father, whom his wife accuses of "spoiling the children outrageously." Stan wept openly when leaving his parents after a visit to Czechoslovakia in 1961. While there he spent his Stanley Cup bonus (the Hawks had won the world's championship three weeks

previously) to buy his brother George a car. His truculent manner with reporters and broadcasters as well as hockey officials is never evident when a youngster stops him for an autograph.

It was Rudy Pilous, then coach of the St. Catharines Juniors and later coach of the parent Chicago Hawks, who first "noticed" Mikita as a bantam at the age of twelve.

"No, it wasn't just because of his aggressiveness," Pilous hastens to stress today, "because there are a lot of aggressive kids around the rinks. But when you see skill combined with spirit in a kid of twelve, there's good reason to watch him closely from then on. . . ."

Mikita made it to the St. Catharines Juniors, one of the finest junior clubs in Canada, without much apparent effort. He simply belonged from the start. Then, during the 1958–59 season, while he was eighteen years old, the Hawks brought him up to the NHL for a 3-game trial as allowed at that time under Canadian Amateur Hockey Association rules without costing the player his amateur status.

The first NHL team he played against was the Canadiens. In his very first turn on the ice, he took the puck all the way from Hawk territory, feinted his way around Doug Harvey, seven-time winner of the top defenseman award, and forced six-time top goalie Jacques Plante into a frantic, diving save.

Altogether, the three games showed that the brash kid had little more to learn with the juniors. The next season the Hawks brought him up for keeps.

That 1959–60 season wasn't too impressive: 8 goals, 18 assists, and 119 minutes in penalties. But Stan dug into the next fall-training camp with such determination that any thought of sending him down to a minor pro club was postponed. He scored 19 goals, had 34 assists, and trimmed his

penalties to 100 minutes. In addition he made 6 goals and 5 assists in 12 playoff games as Chicago copped the Stanley Cup.

In 1961–62 Mikita soared to superstar status, winning the center spot on the First All-Star Team with a 25 goals, 52 assists, season and topping it with two Stanley Cup playoff scoring records. His 6–15 total in 12 games was a total points record and his 15 assists a record for assists in cup play.

That place on the first All-Stars was no lucky accident. He made the dream team again in 1962–63 with a 31–45 total and again in 1963–64 with 39–50 to win his first scoring crown. The 1964–65 voting for All-Star recognition created a storm among the fans. Although Mikita's 28–59 record won a second straight scoring crown and set a new NHL regular season record for assists, he was edged out in the balloting to end on the second All-Star team. But it was only temporary; his 1965–66 seasonal 30–48 put him back on the first All-Stars, where he remained after winning his third and fourth scoring crowns with 35–62 and 40–47 in 1966–67 and 1967–68.

With hockey immortality already assured at that point, the reformed one was, at age twenty-seven, capable of reaching peaks unscaled by any other center in hockey history. It was fascinating to the fans to realize that Mikita was a self-made superstar.

At first he had lived it up on the bachelor circuit: 100 dollar shoes, 250 dollar suits, and loads of fun. He wasn't a playboy but neither was he the quiet type who enjoyed curling up nights at home with a good book. In the spring of 1962 he married the former Jill Gerny, a Chicago beauty and, to the amazement of his hockey mates, he took up the new life with as much purpose and enthusiasm as he approaches hockey. When daughter Meg was born two winters later, Stan received

word just before a game in Boston. He celebrated by scoring two goals. Since then a son, Scott, has been added.

"Getting married is the best thing that ever happened to me," the hard-nosed Mikita freely admits. "It steadied me down and I have less distractions. We bought a home in Elmhurst (a suburb west of Chicago) and I like puttering around. I don't talk much hockey at home but after a bad game, I just have to talk it over with somebody, and my Jill is a wonderful listener."

Unlike most athletes, he loses weight in the off season, then puts it on again during the winter. He reports to camp at about 160 pounds and by season's end often reaches 167. Possibly because he is small (5-feet, 9-inches) and nervous, he thrives on competition. Golf in summer doesn't seem to supply that competitive dividend, although he's a five-handicap player. Nor did baseball seem to offer the feel of furious competition. (It's not generally known that two major league ball clubs offered him contracts with signing bonuses while he was still playing junior hockey, but the overlap of the two sports' seasons meant he would have to sacrifice hockey.)

Mikita has a number of hockey skills that aren't quite apparent if you are "just watching." For instance, after a key game in January, 1968, Coach Billy Reay of the Hawks shook his head in wonder over the official game statistics, which showed Mikita had been in 37 faceoffs and had won 31 of them.

"I can't remember a game in which a center was involved in as many faceoffs," said Reay. "Stan is the best in the NHL at getting the draw right now and possibly the best in the history of hockey."

There is a Mikita that fans don't see; the meticulous craftsman. He spends hours weekly working on his skates and his

stick. ("They're the tools of my trade.") The stick he uses is weird. It has Lie 7 at the heel to a Lie 4 at the middle of the blade to a Lie 10 at the end of the blade (most players use a stick with a single Lie number). He has shaved off a part of the heel and a part of the end of the blade, rounding both ends so the blade has roughly the shape of a half-moon. Why?

"It allows me to pull my stick from two to four feet closer to my body while approaching goal and thus provides me with that much more angle for shooting on goal or passing."

The intense way he works on his equipment has made him an outspoken expert on the subject and a critic of sporting-goods manufacturers of hockey sticks. "I often wonder why companies don't work more on how much whip and how much stiffness should go into the sticks for varied players," he says.

It was only after winning his third scoring title that Mikita made a discovery about his slapshot: a violent blow that often causes the puck to take odd twists enroute to the net. He had flown to Montreal to have his slapshot photographed for commercial use and expressed amazement on seeing the results.

He told the authors, "The photo proofs showed ice chips flying at contact with the puck which has to mean that I hit the ice behind the puck. Since the camera stopped the action at contact and the ice chips were already in the air over the puck and behind it, that has to be. Glenn Hall [ex-Chicago goalie now with St. Louis] used to remark on the heaviness of my shot as compared with that of Canadiens' Bobby Rousseau. It must be because Bobby hits the puck first—you get speed that way but not heaviness."

He added, "I know what you're about to ask: does Bobby Hull hit like Rousseau or me? Frankly I don't know. I've watched Hull closely but he's too quick for the eye. It would

take stop-action photos to tell because some ice chips fly after you hit the puck first."

You would think that hockey would become hard work at such a stage in a professional career. The checking a superstar gets making the going tougher while he's getting older. But the impression Stan Mikita gave after 1966–67, when he totaled only 12 minutes in penalities as compared with 154 minutes only two seasons previously, was that the good life was more fun than ever.

He finds that while linesmen used to pile on him in melees, all he has to do now is step back after being sinned against "and the linesmen pile on the other guy." He delights in seeing his cover muttering his way to the penalty bench, but this doesn't alter one iota the later-but-legal rule of retaliation Mikita has adopted.

He chuckles like a villain in a late-late television horror movie when he describes how he gave the 201-pound Detroit Red Wing superstar Gordie Howe his comeuppance right on Detroit ice.

"I can't even reach the big lug, let alone hit him," he says, "but Gordie got me roaring mad one night in Chicago when I was coasting into position for a pass in front of the Detroit goal. The puck wasn't near me so the officials weren't watching me as Howe crossed in front of me and reefed me with one of those pile-driver elbows. I was flat on my back on the ice when the pass came. . . ."

Mikita paused to chuckle again. "Well, it took two months to even up things, but boy, oh boy, oh boy, did I ever! And right in Detroit, too. He was circling his own net and having trouble with a rolling puck. His head was down. I ignored the puck and caught him squarely with a shoulder on part of his jaw and his chest. He was bowled right off his feet and crashed

into the boards. It must have hurt because he glared at me as he skated slowly off the ice."

In revising the golden rule somewhat to read, "Do unto others as they have done to you," Stan makes an exception in the case of "honest hurts." When he's hit fair and square, such a "hurt" doesn't call for revenge then or later. For example, on New Year's night in 1967 at Chicago, Mikita ran into an honest, ribroasting bodycheck thrown by Boston Bruins' Leo Boivin (now with the Pittsburgh Penguins). Stan rose shakily from the ice with a compliment, "You got me a good one, Leo."

He had one grudge "debt" to repay that died with Terry Sawchuk in that tragic mishap of May, 1970 (see chapter on Sawchuk). Stan carried it for ten years, now sighs: "It doesn't seem so important any more." But the story behind the long term grudge is too amusing to go unrecorded.

Sawchuk always stressed a warning: "Any pest who bugs me in my crease area does so at his own risk." Mikita had acquired a reputation as No. 1 Pest in 1959, and the incident occurred during a game in Chicago while Sawchuk was in the visiting Detroit nets.

"It was the worst spearing I ever got in my hockey life," Mikita told me. "It happened as I kept rushing in after a shot had just missed the goal post. I thought Sawchuk's stick had caved in my chest. Some thought I was faking the rolling I did on the ice to get Sawchuk a heavy penalty, but it would have needed an Academy Award actor to duplicate my agonized performance. For long afterward I dreamt about it and planned ways to get even. Terry didn't wear a mask then and I even thought of letting him have the puck between the eyes, but you know what?"

"What?" I asked.

"For all those years any time I'd get within range the

temptation to go for a goal—to miss him with the puck—was too great. When he'd pull a hot stop on me I'd regret having wasted the opportunity, but the next time in it was the same old story . . ."

The worst bodycheck he ever received was from Gordie Howe, but he laughs about it—"it was a friendly bang."

Actually, Stan was playing with Howe at the time in the 1967 All-Star game. He was centering Howe and Bobby Hull.

"What a pair to work with!" he exclaims. "I didn't touch the puck more than three times all night, and they were whizzing across me like hornets. One time I didn't jump out of Howe's way in time and, so help me, I thought I had been jarred loose from my skeleton."

Stan Mikita undoubtedly hit his peak in the two dazzling seasons of 1966-68 when he swept three major trophies (scoring, most valuable and most gentlemanly) both times, yet he still wasn't satisfied:

"I want to end up the best National Hockey Leaguer ever."

Since then he has banged home 93 more goals and assisted on 162 others. In the 18 playoff games Chicago played in the spring of 1971, his 5-13 record left him "in" on a goal per game which spells superstar still. Not yet 31 years old, Stan should have a lot more time toward achieving hockey's highest ambition.

BOBBY HULL

Hockey's "Golden Jet"

At the age of fourteen, Bobby Hull left home on the road to hockey fame and fortune. He hasn't spent a winter at home since then.

He was still a bantam when the Chicago Black Hawks' Bob Wilson, scout for eastern Canada, first saw him in a game at Belleville, Ontario. Wilson kept watching to see if the kid had merely been "hot" the first time, but when Bobby kept skating unusually fast and shooting unusually hard for a fourteen-year-old, Wilson (in accordance with a rule that is no longer valid) placed Bobby on the Hawks' negotiation list.

After more watching and thinking, Wilson approached Robert Hull, Sr., Bobby's father, who worked as mill foreman at a cement plant in nearby Point Anne where Bobby had been born.

"Your boy seems to have a lot of promise," Wilson told the father, "but he will need better opposition to develop it. I would suggest that you allow him to join the Hawks-sponsored Junior B team at Hespeler, Ontario, where he will not only face stiffer opposition but also get the full benefit of our organization's coaching. He can continue his high school education there."

The Hawks would pay for his tuition and expenses, adding 5 dollars a week spending money.

Young Bobby was enchanted. The father, a former amateur star himself, had seen his son rising early in the mornings to stoke the fire and dash out to a nearby rink before breakfast to practice shooting by himself. He understood the youngster's consuming love of the game.

The Hull family was large. Whenever Bobby could not find teams to play with and against, he'd cook up some sort of action against his three younger brothers. When the brothers were unavailable, he'd organize a game with some or all of his seven sisters—four older than he, three younger.

With a family of eleven youngsters to care for, Bobby's father and mother couldn't help but listen with more than passing interest to the comments of a major league scout. If the boy would not miss out on school and had a chance for a big-money career, the opportunity was too good to be ignored. Besides, the parents knew he had always been "older than his years"—a good boy and able to take care of himself. This didn't prevent him from suffering from homesickness at Hespeler, but letters from mother helped during the hours away from the excitement of the rink.

From Hespeler, Bobby was shifted to Woodstock (Ontario) where his team won the All-Ontario Junior B championship. He was then moved up to Junior A with the famed St. Catharines TeePees, coached by Rudy Pilous, then recognized as the top molder of young talent in Canada.

"Bobby used to bash his way up the ice, seldom bothering to pass the puck," Pilous recalls, "but through Junior B and into Junior A it was undoubtedly true that Bobby playing center didn't have many wings who could keep up with him. So I moved him over to left wing to get him thinking in terms of line attack rather than solo stuff."

In 49 games with the TeePees, Bobby racked up a total of 71 points, sparked the team to a league title, and was hailed as

the most talented player in Junior A hockey ranks in all of Canada.

Pilous was moved up to the Black Hawks as coach the next season and brought Bobby with him. It would be a big jump from Junior to NHL, but after their team had spent four consecutive seasons in the NHL cellar, the Hawks' management and fans were screaming for revival. Bobby's training-camp display indicated that he might supply some of the spirit and talent so badly needed. At eighteen, he became the youngest player ever to sign a professional contract with the Chicago Black Hawks.

Pilous started him at center with Eric Nesterenko and Ron Murphy on the wings. Bobby's first goal was an accident. He fell on the puck and slid into the net atop it, knocking over Harry Lumley (then Boston Bruins' goalie) on the way in. It was the start of a new scoring record in professional play.

"Golden Jet" was the first of many colorful nicknames given to Bobby. He was also soon being tagged the "Babe Ruth of Hockey," and the "Blond Bomber," but the one I believe he'll retain is the "Golden Jet."

The "jet" name seems right. It's the only way to describe his ability to spurt away from covering players and, without breaking stride, to shoot goals with the fiercest slapshot hockey has ever known.

One night, from about 50 feet out on left wing, he blazed one at Charlie Hodge, now goaling for Oakland Seals. The puck screamed across Hodge's face mask to crack a board on the far side of the rink. Later I asked Hodge, "Wasn't that the hardest shot you have ever seen?"

Hodge sat back in the dressing room and sighed, "I couldn't see it, I just heard the whistle. Hull's shot not only 'drops' four or five inches like a baseball sinker but it actually whistles. However, I love the sound."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because you only hear it when the puck goes by. No whistle means it's coming right at you!"

Perhaps Charlie's estimate was a little generous, but experts in missile matters have agreed that Bobby's shots travel at "about 115 miles per hour." When you remember that the puck is always frozen even harder before the game, stories of his shot "driving" a goaler's leg pad out of the way or even knocking a goaler backwards into the net become quite believable.

The 1967–68 season saw the Black Hawks get off to a horrendous start. Their training camp had been hard hit by injuries. They had lost goalie Glenn Hall in the June expansion draft and number 1 goalie Denis DeJordy had been a hold-out until after the schedule started. They had made a three-for-two trade with the Boston Bruins that didn't look good for a long time. The Hawks, who had ended as league leaders the previous season, now spent several weeks in the NHL cellar. Yet Bobby Hull scored 19 goals in 24 games. Opposing teams could stop the Hawks but not Hull.

It's the trademark of a superstar that he is always at his best when the going is toughest. In the 1963 Stanley Cup semifinals against Detroit, Hull was a doubtful starter due to a badly sprained shoulder, yet he scored two goals in the opener. In the second game, he scored another but his nose was literally mashed by the end of a hockey stick and he was hospitalized, reportedly knocked out of the playoffs.

He missed the third game but the next morning he told the astounded doctor that Hawks' general manager Tommy Ivan had approved his release from hospital. Not daring to phone Detroit, Bobby made his way to the airport, squinting through two badly swollen and heavily colored eyes divided by an enormous cast over the fractured nose, and rejoined his team.

Hull told Ivan that the doctor had approved his release from hospital. Ivan appeared doubtful but who was he to argue with a Hull who wanted to play in playoff time?

Bobby played in the last three games of the series, scoring 5 goals including 3 in the final game. The Hawks lost the series but Hull was unstoppable.

Bobby's first NHL season indicated he was no more than "a good young player." Of course, playing the center position held down his scoring, but he ended the 70-game schedule with a respectable 13 goals and 34 assists. He ended the second season with 18–32.

In the two seasons the Hawks rose from chronic sixth-place cellar dwellers to fifth, then to third position. Pilous felt Bobby was still inclined to hog the puck and began playing him on left wing. Bobby finally took off. His 1959–60 total of 81 scoring points (39 goals, 42 assists) won him his first scoring championship in the NHL.

The following season, the Hawks won their first Stanley Cup, symbol of the professional world's championship, in twenty-three years. Bobby had a 31–25 total.

Then, in 1961–62, he hit the 50-goal plateau that had first been achieved by Montreal Canadiens' immortal Maurice (Rocket) Richard. In 1965–66 he scored 54 and the following season, 52. In addition to the goal-scoring records, Hull had amassed a total-points record, three scoring titles, two Hart Trophies as most valuable player and one Byng Trophy for clean and effective play.

Bobby has always insisted that "I learned to play hockey only when I was in the National Hockey League."

That sounds as though he's stretching fact a bit. After all, he had to be good to intrigue scouts when he was only twelve, while he was playing his second year of organized hockey, and to be invited to a Hawks-sponsored club at fourteen. He ex-

plains, "It took me that long to realize I could do more by passing than trying to carry the puck all the time. It took me that long to learn the value of cutting down on my ice mileage —to avoid skating tours and go straight as possible for that net. It took me a long time to learn the value of a fast shift to keep the defense and goaler from getting set."

He worked steadily on his now fearsome slapshot. He cut down his back swing from waist high to no higher than his knee to avoid "telegraphing" the shot. Today, averaging a goal on every 8.3 shots, he uses the slapshot about 60 percent of the time and scores about half of his goals that way. The rest come from the regular wrist shot but they are always fired in a hurry. He never nurses the puck into a "comfortable" position on his stick. When he receives a pass in close to the net, the puck seems to leave his stick the same split second that it arrives.

Oddly enough, I still see veterans of the NHL who haven't learned that priceless lesson, the incalculable value of quick shooting.

Physically Bobby Hull has been extraordinary since he was a boy. While barely old enough to swing an ax or lift a forkful of hay, Bobby used to enjoy hard work alongside the men at the farm owned by his mother's family. Even today, with hockey and many enterprises grossing him about 100,000 dollars a year, Bobby Hull loves hard physical work in the outdoors.

In partnership with younger brother Dennis Hull, a team mate on the Hawks, Bobby owns shares of three Ontario farms, the 750-acre Golden Hawk, the 340-acre Hullvue, and the 400-acre Hull Valley along with vast herds of purebred cattle. The brothers work as hard as their farm hands during the summer months and admit they could cheerfully settle for the farmer's life "if we just didn't enjoy hockey so much."

In action you often see Bobby Hull crashing through a bodychecker, knocking the would-be blocker over, and speeding right on with the puck without seeming to notice any collision. He plays about ten minutes longer than any other forward during a Hawk game. In addition to taking his regular turn with one of the three lines, he often keeps going at full speed for two minutes while the average forward lasts a minute and fifteen seconds. Bobby also works at killing off penalties and on the power play. All this fierce activity requires remarkable stamina and unusual strength.

Bobby not only *is* strong, he *looks* strong in a classic way. Stripped, he looks like a weight lifter, although he has never lifted a weight in his life. *The Saturday Evening Post* once did a tape-measure investigation on Bobby, comparing him with the then world heavyweight-boxing champ Cassius Clay. Although Hull stood 5 feet 10 inches and weighed 197 pounds compared with Clay's 6 feet 3 and 210 pounds, Hull's arm measured 15½ inches at the biceps, a half-inch bigger than Clay's, and his forearm measured 13½ inches in circumference, an inch more than Clay's. The bunched muscles running through his legs and across his shoulders reminded the writer more of a tough laborer than of an athlete famed for speed and lightning reflexes.

Among the luckiest boys in the world one has to pick Bobby's sons, Bobby, six years old; Blake, five, and Brett, three. Whenever the Hawks play at home and the Chicago Stadium ice is free in the mornings, you will find the whole family on skates. Their mother, Joanne, a red-haired beauty who was with an ice show when she met her headliner husband, usually ambles around with Brett while their father coaches the other boys in skating and shooting.

A great star is often a poor coach; he can do things few other players can do and finds it impossible to teach those who

lack the same skills. However, the Golden Jet is a truly outstanding professor of the game. If I had my way I'd give every youngster starting to play the game a copy of Bobby Hull's book, *Hockey Is My Game.*

Although I have been covering the National Hockey League for over thirty years, I never realized there was so much to learn about skating and shooting.

For instance, Hull explains why many players who expend so much energy frantically rushing up and down the ice never seem to become first-rate players. They may seem to be good skaters but actually aren't. They are usually a bit off balance, get bumped to the ice easily, and can turn faster in one direction than the other. Bobby also stresses the importance of getting away fast from a standing start. The takeoff is as important to a hockey player as the flat-racing dive is to a swimmer starting a sprint. He also points out that the side jump to avoid a single checker needs "a good start" to pay off. If the player can't get going pronto after a side jump, it's probably because the jump is too high.

As one who says "My prime job is to score goals just as others are assigned to stop pucks or play defense" his coaching tips on shooting are fascinating. For instance, he doesn't go along with the "shoot, shoot, shoot" teaching of coaches who believe that a lot of shots just have to produce a lot of goals. Hull writes, "If your shots aren't hard and accurate, you're wasting your time." He regards the best shooting spot as 15 feet out and always tries to shoot for the stick side of the goalie (staying away from the free-glove side). In the many scrambles every player faces, he says, "keep moving and keep your stick on the ice."

And here is a Hull scoring secret.

He doesn't suggest aiming at a spot in the goal net as much as at the net area but with one difference; he urges that young

players develop the habit of knowing just where the net is at all times in relation to the player's own changing position. In that way a player who comes into sudden possession of the puck needs not waste a precious second or two looking for the net and judging whether he should try a shot from that angle.

He demonstrated that skill in a dramatic fashion on the night of January 7, 1968, at Chicago when he scored two goals as Hawks downed Boston, 4 to 2.

They were very special goals: Number 400 and 401 of his career in regular NHL season play. They also made him the fourth man in NHL history to reach the 400-goal plateau. Four days after his twenty-ninth birthday he reached the scoring level previously gained only by Gordie Howe, Rocket Richard, and Jean Beliveau.

It was his second goal that night that illustrated his "location sense." It was an empty-net counter with fifteen seconds to go, after Boston had yanked goalie Gerry Cheevers for an extra forward in an attempt to tie the then 3 to 2 game.

Hull pounced on a loose puck directly in front of the Boston bench and, I suppose, seated goalie Cheevers did only what came naturally, illegal though his action was. He reached over the boards with his big stick and knocked the puck away from Hull's stick.

Quick as a flash Hull wheeled, recovered the puck, and scored. After the game an interviewer asked Bobby if he had forgotten that it was a goal anyway under the rule that forbids interference from the bench?

"I didn't know what was going on for a second," replied Hull. "When it flashed on me that an awarded goal was automatic I couldn't be sure Buffey (referee Vern Buffey) had seen it so I just kept going."

Actually, the referee was signaling a goal and Hull's scoring was unnecessary but the episode demonstrated that despite

distraction and an abrupt change in his own position on the ice, he had retained his sense of net location.

As for scoring slumps, Bobby suggests: Don't let dejection take over. Keep working. He says, "I never felt lower than I did in 1964–65 when I went sixteen games without scoring a goal, but you saw what happened that season."

He worked his way out of the slump, ended with 39 goals and the most valuable player award. The momentum he picked up in skating out of the slump carried into the playoffs where, in 14 games, he amassed a whopping total of 10 goals while assisting on seven others.

In listening to what Bobby Hull says and reading what he writes about hockey, stresses once again the oft-proven lesson of sport champions; champions never get that way without hard and long practice. No one becomes a champion without "thinking" his way from things that don't work in games to things that do.

Off the ice, the handsome blond superstar with the dazzling smile is a constant target for young autograph hounds. He remains until the last autograph is signed and the last question is answered, always seeming to enjoy himself as much as the youngsters do.

The sense of fun about him makes him a wonderful source for newspapermen with columns to fill. Once I asked him if his famous face helped him with such people as traffic cops?

He replied with an incident about the previous summer when he left his farm to attend a dinner in Toronto. He was a bit late and admits his top-down convertible had picked up a bit of speed on main highway 401.

His mind was occupied with the speech he had to make and he forgot to look at his rearview mirror. Suddenly a siren sounded—a police cruiser.

"I pulled over to the side of the road," related Bobby,

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"checked to make sure all my teeth were in, and gave the cop, now walking back to me, my very best smile. It was the same smile you see in all those advertisements and for which manufacturers pay nice, fat sums. The cop was getting it for nothing and I was pleased when he said, 'Say, aren't you Bobby Hull?'

"I smiled back, saying I was, and asked how he was? The cop commented on the good season I had just had and how thrilled he was to meet me. I smiled again as he reached for his rear pocket and pulled out a book. I was ready to sign an autograph but do you know what the cop did? He wrote a twenty-five dollar speed ticket and handed it to me."

I laughed and asked Bobby what he did then?

Bobby shrugged. "What could I do? The cop was so nice about it, I thanked him for the ticket. He waved as I drove off—within the speed limit."

GORDIE HOWE

"I Forgot to Grow Up"

Early in the 1965–66 NHL season and shortly after Gordie Howe became the first and possibly the only player ever to score 600 goals in regular schedule play, I was watching the Red Wings practice in the Detroit Olympia.

The team was in a relaxed mood after a couple of wins. Gordie was checked rather awkwardly by an "opposing" defenseman, team mate Bert Marshall, and they fell to the ice in a tangled melee of skates, arms, and sticks. For at least two minutes they rolled and wrestled on the ice—the veteran superstar and the big rookie who was fifteen years younger. Coach Sid Abel and the other players hooted until both Howe and Marshall lay flat on their backs on the ice, panting and laughing.

Howe skated off slowly, his face damp with sweat. He saw me looking at him and grinned as he reached for a towel, "I guess I forgot to grow up."

Actually, Gordie's own words described his hockey spirit in a wonderfully warm way. From the time he was a kid whose mother used to place newspapers on the kitchen floor so he wouldn't have to take off his skates while eating until he became the greatest scorer in the history of the league, he has always been a fun-loving person.

Certainly, if any player could have been excused for missing a game, it would have been Gordie on the night of De-

cember 9, 1967, at Detroit. The day before he was hit with such acute cramps after a period of stomach pains that he asked his pretty wife, Colleen, "Will you help get me to the hospital . . . fast!"

Bent over in pain, the 201-pound, 6-footer was practically carried into his car by Colleen and rushed to the hospital. He couldn't straighten out his legs. Several injections were made before the spasms stopped. It was a kidney stone. The night was long and painful. In the morning while preparations were being made for surgery the stone passed naturally. The pain stopped, but Howe was left weak and exhausted.

"You'll need a few days' rest," said the doctor.

"I can't," replied Gordie. "We are playing the New York Rangers tonight and my mother and father in Saskatoon (Saskatchewan) must be worried stiff by the early reports of my rushing into the hospital. The newspapers here in Detroit are on strike, so the only way I can convince the folks I'm really O.K. is to let them see me play during a televised game. The Saturday-night game carried on the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation network reports news items on other games being played. . . ."

That night Gordon Howe, subject of emergency bulletins for the preceding twenty-four hours, skated out to a tremendous ovation at Detroit Olympia. The Red Wings defeated the New York Rangers, 3 to 2. Howe scored the tying second goal and assisted on the winner. The scoring reports definitely removed any worry from Gordie's parents in faraway Saskatoon.

That same night in Montreal, Bobby Hull scored one of the Chicago goals, his 21st of the season.

After the game I asked Hull, "Do you think you'll catch up with Howe's lifetime goals total?"

"How do we stand now?" asked Hull.

"As of tonight," I replied, "you've totaled three ninety-one and Howe has totaled six hundred and sixty-three. . . ."

Hull cut in, "At that rate I could pass him with ten good seasons, averaging twenty-eight goals per season, but how can anybody ever catch him if he never stops scoring?"

Certainly, there was every reason for Hull to wonder. Gordie Howe, nearing his fortieth birthday, had already spent more than half of his life in the superstar status. In 21 completed NHL seasons up to 1967 the wrecker of records had been voted to eighteen annual All-Star teams by the press-radio-television selectors. During those eighteen seasons he had won the scoring championship an unmatched six times and never ended lower than fifth in league scoring.

Yet, at fifteen, Gordie Howe was perhaps the most dejected boy in all the world of hockey. At home he had played for as many as five teams in the same season and played every position, including goalkeeper. He was big for his age. A New York Rangers' scout had come up with a train ticket and an invitation to the club's training camp in Winnipeg.

The rough-and-tough Rangers of that period saw only a too-tall, awkward kid. He was suffering from homesickness but that gave way to acute disappointment as he was told the team wasn't interested. The Rangers promptly forgot him until they saw him in a Detroit Red Wings' uniform three seasons later at the age of eighteen.

He continued to remind the Rangers of his presence for more than two decades. When, in the spring of 1967, he was an All-Star selection for the eighteenth time in twenty-one NHL seasons, a New York columnist stated in print, "During the time Gordie Howe has been in the NHL, our Rangers have finished out of the playoffs 14 times. If that tragic wrong guess

hadn't been made when he was in his teens and Rangers had kept him, isn't it fair to assume they would have been a dominating team instead of chronic also-rans?"

The comment's significance lies in the NHL record book. Howe has played more seasons and in more games than any other player. He holds the records for most goals, most assists, and most scoring points in regular season play. He has been in eighteen playoffs and holds the record for assists in playoffs as well as most total points.

Was he born with a remarkable "scoring eye"?

Gordie's father says he has a few hundred broken shingles to prove that his son's skill was the result of determined practice as a boy. Whenever there was no rink available, young Gordie would spend his time shooting at the Howes' shingled porch by the hour. If it was cold enough to make a little patch of ice from which to shoot he'd use it. If not, he would shoot from the slippery surface of a piece of plywood.

While all this ruined shingles, it was developing a powerful wrist shot. Since he couldn't "slap" at the puck on the loose piece of plywood, his shot had to start with the stick flat against the puck. This should be a valuable tip to modern youngsters, the slapshot has more wallop and noise but a good wrist shot doesn't miss as many targets. Most of Howe's goals to this day, every one a new NHL record, come from wrist shots.

Memories of his own boyhood problems in hockey and how he solved them remain fresh with the Glorious Gordie. He revives them each August at his hockey-school operation (Gordie Howe Hockeyland) at St. Clair Shores, Michigan. He seems to get his biggest thrills from watching the boys, among the ninety coached per week, who seem hopeless at the start.

He describes a boy who reported to the 1966 camp with fees paid by his grandmother, but he was so bad, he couldn't

even stand up on the ice. Howe ordered the money refunded and told the kid to go buy a good pair of skates.

"The kid did as he was told," says Howe, "but returned with the new skates and rejoined the class. He was so determined I just couldn't send him away again and I'm glad I didn't. Would you believe it, the boy played in a regular game at the end of the week?"

Howe is highly impressed by the way American boys are absorbing coaching. He says, "Unlike our boys in Canada who start on their own and then have to unlearn later, these kids are starting from scratch and starting the right way.

"For instance, I spend a lot of time teaching kids the basic trick in receiving a pass. It simply lies in keeping the blade squared off for the puck, no matter what angle your body is in. That and 'giving' a little, like the hand must give a little in catching a baseball. If the blade isn't squared off the puck may ricochet away or, at least, be so hard to handle that the receiver's cover gets there for the check.

"It is quite astonishing to me how many players in the NHL show that fault at times and can't figure the reason for a slump."

Are hockey schools a must for kids today?

Howe doesn't think they are vital, "because too many hundreds of top-flight Canadian stars came up without them," but he feels that, as in golf, the observing pro will often detect fundamental faults in a new player, and the boy benefits simply by knowing what he is doing wrong.

"Take my own case," he says. "Sid Abel [the Detroit coach] often points out that I am reverting to a bad habit of going left and pushing poor Alex [center Alex Delvecchio] out of position. Sometimes even Alex was thinking he was doing something wrong, but coaching eyes spot the trouble.

"I know we can't teach a kid everything within the short

space of a week but toward the end of a week it is noticeable that often when I blow the whistle to point out a fault, the offender will cut in with, I know, I know. . . . So I feel that even if a kid emerges from a week with only one serious flaw pointed out, his whole future might be vastly more promising. It gets him thinking about mistakes and seeking ways to correct them."

Howe has talked with other NHL players who are now coaching in the dozens of upper-grade hockey schools that have mushroomed in recent years, and the new eagerness shown by the American boy is widespread.

There is no doubt in Howe's mind that more and more American boys are thinking about hockey as a career. Admittedly, in the majority of cases, the aim will change just as it has with so many of us who once longed for careers as firemen or racing-car drivers. Howe tells inquiring boys what he tells his own three boys, "Get a sound education first; play all you can, and then, if you are good enough to think of hockey as a career, it will be time to decide."

Gordie is possibly the world's worst argument against dropping out of high school. He quit high school after only one month and today he is a happy family man with a gross income from hockey and various enterprises reported to be in the 100,000 dollar range. But such a future was far from certain when he began as a boy with the Red Wings.

After Rangers gave him up and he accepted an invitation from Detroit to join their junior Red Wings at Galt, Ontario, he chose a job in a plant rather than continue high school.

On the last day of the 1967–68 schedule, the incomparable Howe celebrated his fortieth birthday and his best goal-scoring season in eleven years with 39 goals. He had finished in the top five of league scoring for the nineteenth straight year, an achievement unmatched in any other professional sport.

Yet, he recalled, "When I first played in the NHL I secretly doubted that I would last the year. I clipped out every newspaper piece that mentioned my name and any photo showing me in a Red Wing uniform just so I could prove to people later on that I had once played in the NHL."

At that time he regretted giving up school so early and, to this day, he says, "I'd exchange one of my best hockey seasons for a year of college background."

Gordie Howe is a big, rugged man. He is 6 feet tall with 201 pounds of aggressive muscle. When his eldest sons, Marty and Mark, were very young, he used to engage in "rough house" sessions with them that were the despair of his wife. It wasn't the noise as much as the way the father would end "fights" by holding them upside down, with one of each boy's legs in each hand.

All of which led to one of the funniest stories I have ever heard in the NHL.

One hockey night in 1960 at the Detroit Olympia, Gordie Howe entered the dressing room with coat collar turned up and hat pulled down over the right side of his face. The other players looked at him curiously. Finally it couldn't be concealed any longer. Gordie was wearing a prize "black eye" with tones of red and blue. His mates were amazed; they knew Gordie hadn't been hurt in the last game or even the previous day's practice, and they couldn't imagine any man inflicting the damage on their undefeated champion of countless ice melees.

Eventually, Gordie confessed that he had been "careless." That afternoon he had stretched out on a downstairs sofa and fell asleep. Mark, then only five years old but husky, knew a good opportunity when he saw one. Mark crept up quietly on his sleeping father, clenched one fist tight, and chopped down as hard as he could on Gordie's right eye!

That night marked the only time in all his storied years of play that the National Hockey League's most rugged superstar was seen wearing a "shiner" in a game.

The story was recalled in the nation's sport pages of Monday, March 25, 1968. It had been another headline weekend for Gordie Howe—3 goals and an assist in 2 games had put him within 3 points of the NHL scoring lead.

Alongside that report was a news-service story about a "new" Howe who set the pace at Georgetown, Ontario, where for the first time in the eight-year history of the Georgetown International Bantam Hockey Tournament, a United States team had won. The American kids from Detroit had beaten the highly rated Richmond Hill (Ontario) team in overtime, 6 to 5.

Mark Howe had scored 4 goals, including the overtime winner, and had assisted on the other two!

At the headquarters of the Central Professional Hockey League in Detroit, President Jack Adams chuckled over the story and told an interviewer, "That's no kid hockey player, that's a young Howe. Just like the other young Howe I saw rambling so dejectedly in the hallway outside my office at Detroit Olympia over twenty years ago. . . ."

Adams, since deceased, related an incident that followed signing Gordie Howe to a Detroit Red Wing contract. Adams was then general manager of the Red Wings, and Gordie had apparently been the happiest eighteen-year-old in town when signing, but some time later Adams happened to notice the rookie wandering aimlessly and apparently unhappily in the hall.

"What's the matter, son," asked Adams. "Didn't you like the contract?"

"Oh yes!" exclaimed Gordie, "but have you forgotten, Mr. Adams, you promised me a Detroit jacket?"

BOBBY ORR

"Unbelievable" Star at Eighteen

In the summer of 1966, National Hockey League fans read with surprise that the Boston Bruins, who had finished out of the playoffs for seven straight seasons, were gambling on a revival with a young defense player, barely eighteen years old, of the junior Oshawa (Ontario) Generals. The contract, covering two years, called for 50,000 dollars exclusive of all bonus extras. The young man's name was Bobby Orr.

Hockey's commentating crowd seem to sense great stories from the start. The Bruins' September training camp at London, Ontario, looked more like a base of the world champions than that of the lowly team from Beantown. In addition to newsmen, from press, radio, and television representing all NHL cities there were scouts and even curious executives of the other teams. All admitted they had come "for a look at the kid."

From the very first exhibition game, against the New York Rangers, the rookie lived up to the biggest publicity build-up given any hockey player of the generation. Although playing defense in the major league calls for experience and the hardness of toughened athletes, Bobby looked as if he had been born in the NHL. The observers' general reaction was best boiled down in the comment of Frank Udvari, retired as NHL number 1 referee, "He's unbelievable."

It was no accidental display. At that first season's end, only

two weeks after his nineteenth birthday, Orr dominated the voting for rookie of the year (Calder Memorial Trophy) with 168 out of a possible 180 points. He was also voted to the second All-Star team defense. The other three defensemen, Chicago's Pierre Pilotte and New York's Harry Howell of the first team, and Toronto's Tim Horton, had between twelve and sixteen seasons experience apiece, and each was old enough to be Orr's father!

The Bruins spotted Orr accidentally.

One day late in the 1962–63 season, four of the Bruins' organization executives, president Weston Adams, Milt Schmidt, Hap Emms, and Wren Blair (who became general manager-coach of the new Minnesota North Stars) were in Kingston, Ontario, attending a meeting. Harold Cotton, chief scout of the Bruins, urged them to drop over to nearby Gananoque to see two kids playing in a bantam game for Gananoque against the Parry Sound (Ontario) Bantams.

The executives did as suggested but returned from the game talking not about the two players mentioned but about a fourteen-year-old on the Parry Sound team. His name was Bobby Orr.

Cotton, a former NHL star and veteran of twenty-five years as scout, was astounded. "However," comments Cotton ruefully, "I guess I still deserve an assist for the rookie-capture of the decade."

Certainly he lost no time in wooing the Orr family's good will. One story has it that the Bruins even repaired the stucco on the Orr home at Parry Sound. When he was just fifteen years old Bobby joined the Bruins-sponsored Oshawa Generals junior team for 1963–64, and before the season was over experts were referring to him as "a red-hot pro prospect."

In 1964–65 and 1965–66 he broke scoring records for defensemen in the Ontario Hockey Association Junior A circuit

—top junior league in Canada—amassing 69 goals and 119 assists in the two seasons.

Cotton kept watching. "He was playing junior at one-hundred and thirty pounds but it never crossed your mind because he could always handle older and heavier players, a trait of immense significance when he entered the NHL.

"He had also developed a change of pace, due possibly to his small size. Since he couldn't out-bump big opponents he would fox them by slowing down and spurting.

"I also noted tricks that he had perfected by practice. One in particular was brand new to me even though I had spent a lifetime in hockey. He pulled it while going around the back of his net only to find an opponent blocking the way with one skate at right angles to the boards, and a stick cutting off most of the remaining space. Orr simply lifted the puck against the glass, and it would spin by the startled opponent's ears while Orr hopped over the stick and chased after the puck."

The Bruins decided after the 1965–66 season that even at the age of eighteen, Bobby Orr had no more to learn from junior hockey.

However, the Bruins ran into a signing problem. Orr, then working on the side to pass his Grade 12 examinations, was represented by a lawyer, Al Eagleson of Toronto, who had already become a thorn in the NHL's side by representing players in disputes of various types.

Bruins were frankly astonished and a bit annoyed. They had expected to be dealing with Bobby's forty-one-year-old father, Doug Orr, since Bobby was underage, but they learned that the father and Eagleson were old friends from baseball-playing days at Parry Sound. As soon as the Bruins made an offer, Mr. Orr hired Eagleson to handle the boy's affairs.

Eagleson promptly turned down the Bruins' offer and made a counter offer. When the Bruins "refused to consider" the

Orr terms, Eagleson announced that Orr had filled out the forms to play with Canada's national team (amateur). Eagleson felt the boy could wait and the Bruins couldn't. He also felt the boy would lose nothing, that his value would rise and the price tag with it.

The Bruins yielded and presented Orr with what Eagleson described as "the best contract ever offered to a junior player by a professional club." There had never been anything to match it in the history of the NHL. At the age of eighteen Orr had a 50,000 dollar contract and started a career that could last twenty years.

By the time Bobby reported to his first pro camp at London, Ontario, he actually weighed 175 pounds, but it was sinewy weight spread over 5 feet, 11 inches. When I asked him if he thought it was enough weight for throwing bodychecks at the defense in the NHL he replied, "Why not? Chicago's Pierre Pilote has made All-Star defenses for the last seven seasons and he weighs only three more pounds than I do." He added with an amused gleam in his eyes, "Besides, I'm still a growing boy."

Actually, Bobby's skill was more in blocking than in bashing. Veterans of the NHL press boxes who watched him for the first time in those exhibition games at London, Ontario, found his style reminded them of Doug Harvey, seven-time winner of the James Norris Trophy as the top NHL defenseman. Harvey's game was often described as "playing defense in an armchair." Orr's poise and polish had no trace of the frantic eagerness usually evident in a rookie.

Again, Orr never "gave the puck away." He wouldn't pass for passing's sake. When he passed, it was accurate and to a mate who wasn't solidly covered. He could carry the puck himself, usually when an opposing line was tiring at the end of their shift on the ice.

Defensively he developed a trick in junior hockey that still works dramatically in the NHL; he goes down to his knees in front of a slapshot but doesn't stay on his knees an extra split second after the puck hits him. At the very moment of contact, he's up and off with the puck, usually before the shooter is set to make a checking play.

This "unbelievable" rookie had already learned something about the art of slapshooting that many seasoned veterans of the NHL have yet to learn, namely, that a big backswing is wasted effort. It serves only to "telegraph" the shot and allows defensemen and goalers to get set. The only really worthwhile slapshot has a short, quick backswing. In one exhibition game, Detroit's goalie Roger Crozier was still staring toward the rink when Orr's slapshot whizzed into the upper left corner of the net.

"Lucky the kid's shot wasn't aimed at my face," grunted Crozier afterwards, "all I heard was the whistle of the puck."

In his first NHL season, Bobby scored 13 goals and assisted on 28 others—so he was in on almost one-quarter of the 182 goals scored by Bruins during the season. This was a major factor in his All-Star selection; defensemen in the modern game are no longer expected to be defenders only. Sure, it's their primary job to defend but a defenseman who is quick to surge forward after checking an opposing rush becomes, in effect, an extra forward. If he can shoot as well as pass, he is literally worth his weight in gold.

In my very first interview with Bobby I decided that he was a dramatic example of the importance of "thinking" in hockey. Too many young players simply skate and shoot, depending on established tricks that work some of the time. After his very first game (an exhibition against New York Rangers in which he was voted the best Bruin on the ice), I

asked Bobby if he had found the NHL as big a jump as he had expected. He smiled wryly.

"What strikes me most," he said, "is how awfully good everybody is. In Bruin practices, as well as against other NHL clubs, I have yet to meet a single opponent who isn't terrific. Everybody forechecks more; they are faster and hit harder although not as often as I expected. Everybody seems in a hurry to get somewhere else and if you get the puck you have to do something with it in a big hurry or it's taken from you."

Had he learned any one thing in particular?

"Yes, I have learned to stay up more on defense or there's danger of being left kneeling out there all alone."

He added a surprising comment. "Oddly, while everything is tougher and faster than I have known in junior hockey, it's easier in many ways. The players you face do the right things, and if you gear yourself to working harder and faster you can get beaten only by superior skill. If you think of every game as a Memorial Cup (Canadian junior championship) final, all's well."

At the Holiday Inn in London, where the Bruins were staying during Bobby's first training camp, a local hockey team called the Orchard Park Tykes (ten years and under) were having a dinner. Bobby was asked to drop in. He did. When a line was formed for autographs one Tyke had obtained three autographs by rejoining the line. Asked why he did it, the Tyke replied, "We trade autographs with one another and my Dad told me that Orr's will be worth the most some day."

That Tyke's father was not only a prophet but a quick one as well. After Bobby swept through that first season as almost unanimous choice for rookie of the year honors, his skill in 1967–68 at the age of nineteen won him recognition as the best defenseman in the National Hockey League, for which he

was awarded the James Norris Memorial Trophy. He was also named to the first All-Star Team.

What made this award more unbelievable was his winning it despite missing 28 of the 74 regular schedule Bruins' games due to injuries.

It proved to be the start of a continuing story, of course. By the time he was 23, in the spring of 1971, he had already won sweeping recognition as the best in the defense biz as a four-straight winner of the Norris Trophy. In 1970, he had completely shattered the defenseman-for-defense-only tradition by winning the scoring championship (Ross Trophy) as well as the most valuable player (Hart Trophy). In 1971, he repeated with the Hart. He had made the second All-Stars in his rookie year and apparently took over a permanent berth on a first All-Star berth after that.

Recently, the great goalie, Jacques Plante (now with Toronto Maple Leafs), interrupted our golf game at Montreal's Richelieu Valley Club to ask:

"I have actually known Bobby Orr only as an almost unbelievable hockey enemy—unbelievable because he seems to have no weaknesses, no end of skills—but what is he really like away from the rink? Is all the glamor getting to him at all?"

I replied: "In the dressing room he is just another happy guy when things are going well, dejected when they're not. Sure, he drives a Cadillac now and dresses and lives like the wealthy man he already is, but otherwise he is unchanged from the unassuming, small-town lad I first met fresh from Parry Sound, Ontario."

It was put a better way by writer Tom Dowling in the literary *Atlantic Monthly* (April, 1971): "Throughout it all Orr remains remote and circumspect, a little abashed at all the furor unloosed in his name, like some medieval monk whose

pious life-work has inadvertently overturned the status quo of which he is a contented member."

HARRY HOWELL

Long Way to the Top

To a hockey fan who started following the exciting Rangers in New York during the 1966–67 season, it's almost certain that Harry Howell, the six-foot one-inch, 200-pound defense superstar, was a particular idol. And why not? In January of 1967 the old Madison Square Garden rocked with cheers as management, fans, and press celebrated Harry Howell Night. Harry went on to win a place on the first All-Star team. He was also voted the James Norris Trophy as the best defenseman in the National Hockey League.

That fan might be amazed to learn it had taken fifteen years in the NHL for Harry Howell to reach recognition as a superstar.

"What took me so long?" repeated Harry when I asked him the question, "One reason could be that I didn't go to school."

"You didn't go to school?" asked the surprised writer.

"Hockey school, I mean," Harry said with a grin, then turning serious, "I'm not fooling. If only I had had the opportunity modern kids have in attending one of the many hockey schools in the United States or Canada, there is no doubt I would have been better sooner. Would you believe it took me ten years in the National Hockey League before I really learned to play defense as it should be played?"

It was in 1961–62, his tenth season, that the great Doug

Harvey went to the Rangers from the Montreal Canadiens as playing coach and won the Norris Trophy for a record-shattering seventh time. (In 1968, at the age of forty-three, he joined St. Louis Blues and starred with them into the Stanley Cup finals.) His presence with the Rangers was especially important to Harry Howell.

"I had made it up to the NHL at the age of nineteen," continued Harry, "which is regarded as pretty young for a defenseman to reach the big time, and it was because of my thinking almost entirely as a defender—in other words, I seldom gambled on offensive action.

"This thinking kept me in the NHL, it's true, but it was Doug Harvey who changed my hockey life by making me carry the puck more. He pointed out that hockey had changed, with emphasis on speedy attack so a team needed the defenseman who is about fifty–fifty defenseman and forward —the guy who can take off with a loose puck after blocking a shot or checking an attacker.

"Harvey emphasized that I should head-man the puck when there was a mate in the clear up ahead but not to waste time looking round. To go with it all the way if I had to and let somebody else mind the shop back on the defense while I was away."

It was a change that a team player like Howell would never have taken on his own for fear of letting his team down by "getting caught" up the ice while "making like a forward." Acting on the coach's order was another thing, especially when that coach happened to be the most honored defenseman in all NHL history.

"You'll never get to be a star if you don't get in on more scoring," Harvey told Howell. "And even if it means more risk who cares if the other team scores five goals as long as we score six?"

That first season with Harvey, Howell scored or assisted in the scoring of 21 goals, the most of his ten-season career. In 1966–67 he participated in 40 goals and joined Harvey among hockey immortals as a Norris Trophy winner.

What made the award more remarkable was that during the season Harry Howell, at age thirty-five, had to beat out a three-time winner of the award, the Chicago Black Hawks' Pierre Pilote, as well as a spectacular new sensation on the defense scene, the Boston Bruins' Bobby Orr, who was four years old when Howell was playing his first NHL game!

Harry's first organized hockey in his native Hamilton (Ontario) was in bantam ranks at the age of fourteen. Then there was a brief period in midget circles, and at the age of sixteen, he landed with the highly rated Junior A Guelph Biltmores, part of the New York Rangers' farm system.

With the exception of one American Hockey League game in Cincinnati in 1952, he was a Ranger all the way. Invited to the fall training camp he stayed, playing in 67 of the New York team's 70 games in 1952–53.

Durability became Howell's trademark in the highly injury-prone defense position where all the action comes to you—at high speed, either slapshooting on approach or trying to crash through or around. He attributed an endless effort toward keeping in top condition as the reason for something of a record in durability; his sixteenth NHL season, 1967-68, marked the tenth time he played in all the team's scheduled games and in no season had he missed more than five games through injuries.

In 1968-69, age finally began catching up in the usual way with players who play aggressively—the long-avoided injury bogey limited him to 56 games. California Seals, badly in need of experience to play and teach on their defense, moved in with a fat purchase offer and, after 1,160 games in a Ranger

uniform (the club record by a wide margin), Howell left for the west coast for 1969-70. He also spent part of 1970-71 in Oakland before a deal took him to the Los Angeles Kings.

Harry and his wife Marilyn are parents of a daughter and a son. In the summer, the family followed the custom of returning to Harry's native Hamilton, Ontario, where he'd work at staying in shape by a daily schedule of golf (he's down to a 6-handicap).

Howell is one of a large staff of experts in various phases of hockey at the school located in picturesque St. Andrews by-the-Sea in New Brunswick. Boys ranging in ages from eight to nineteen attend one of three 1-week courses in the Sir James Dunn Arena. Each boy gets three hours of ice time daily for both personal and group instruction. Teaching at the school has contributed to "Professor" Howell's career. Like veteran Gordie Howe, Harry goes into the Ranger camp the following month with a marked advantage in conditioned legs after spending July on skates.

While he specializes in defense instruction, he tells boys not to decide about what position they want to play until they have acquired the fundamentals of hockey. A would-be forward might find he likes defense better or vice versa. Boys who want to play goal are urged to "have a go" at defense or forward, just to be sure which position suits them best.

"Skating and shooting still spell hockey," says Howell, "and without real skill in those two fundamentals no boy can get anywhere."

He notices, for instance, that the most common fault of hockey kids lies in lack of power in shooting, mainly because they hold their hands too close together on the stick.

"Watch Bobby Hull," he tells his pupils, "and you'll see that he holds his hands almost four feet apart in firing that furious slapshot of his. Also, note how far apart his feet are."

He gets his biggest kick out of boys who return to hockey school for a second summer.

Howell views them with envy.

"It's always thrilling to see how much better they are than boys of their own age who are at hockey school for the first time. If only I had had that instruction as a kid. . . ."

But, come to think of it, Henry Vernon Howell, idol of Madison Square, has had a lot of wonderful hockey fun packed into a long NHL career. The fact that he still isn't satisfied with his skills tells the secret of his ageless popularity. Fans sense the extra effort of a great athlete.

JEAN BELIVEAU

The Instant Superstar

Looking back, it isn't really strange that the Montreal Canadiens' Jean Beliveau was an instant superstar in the National Hockey League.

He was always a star, even as a tall, skinny kid.

There were, of course, the very early years on a little rink in Victoriaville, Quebec, (population, 23,000, located 95 miles northeast of Montreal) that was fun for him, his three younger brothers, and a crowd of other kids.

"Often on Saturdays I would be on skates all day long," he recalls. "I didn't take them off even at lunchtime. My mother would place cardboard on the kitchen floor; we would stamp in, sit down, eat, and stamp out again. There were always too many kids on the rink, and you had to learn to stickhandle in order to keep the puck for any time. It was wonderful training. When I first played with a real team in a real league, it surprised me to find how empty the ice seemed. Now I faced good players, but there were only five of them between me and the goaler. And it was grand fun having good players with you—players who could take a pass and give one."

His first "real team in a real league" was, unbelievably, of Junior A caliber at Victoriaville. He was seventeen but many thought he was too tall and too thin. Like most tall boys, his long strides were deceptive; he seemed slow compared to quick-and-compact Junior A boys.

The first season he scored 48 goals and assisted on 27 others. Today's 6-foot, three-inch, 205-pound (235 pounds in full hockey gear) captain of the Canadiens laughs at the memory of fans asking him, "What team did you play for before this?"

Jean Beliveau would answer, "No team," and they wouldn't believe him. But word of his feats at Victoriaville had spread to the crack junior Citadels at Quebec City, 72 miles away, and he was invited to join them for 1949–50. Everybody knew the Cits had a working agreement with the famed Montreal Canadiens, idols of every French boy, and Jean was elated.

He zoomed to the headlines almost overnight. Playing center he left the hockey-wise Quebec City fans raving over his playmaking skill as he set up 45 goals, besides scoring 35 on his own!

The whole town was talking about the Beliveau boy, but it appears he had merely been warming up. The next season, still with the Cits, he completely dominated the Canadian junior scene with 61 goals, 63 assists. In the playoffs he dazzled opponents with 22 goals. During the same season, 1950–51, he took two nights off.

The Canadiens invited him "up" for the 2-game trial the rules at that time allowed without endangering his amateur status. In the 2 games he participated in 2 goals, scoring 1 and assisting on 1, before returning to the juniors.

Looking back, it is interesting to note that the pattern of scoring an average of a point a game he set as a nineteen-year-old teen-ager in the NHL lasted throughout his major career. At the end of the 1967–68 schedule, after 923 regular NHL games, his career-scoring average stood at 1.096 points per game, best in the entire major league, edging even Gordie Howe's 1.075 points per game.

The Canadiens had a talk with him about further seasoning with a junior team but Jean politely let it be known that although he was still eligible to play as a junior, he would rather move into senior amateur company with the Quebec Aces of the Quebec Senior Hockey League for 1951–52.

The "junior" was now playing against bigger and better opposition but, as at the other levels, it made no difference.

He led the senior circuit with 48 goals and 33 assists. In the playoffs he stole headlines in the sport pages across Canada. The Toronto Telegram ran an eight-column sweepline:

ACES WIN TITLE; BELIVEAU UNSTOPPABLE WITH 21 GOALS IN 20 GAMES

That first senior year he led his team to the Alexander Cup, emblematic of Canada's senior championship, and was also voted to the first All-Star team, and named rookie of the year and "best pro prospect."

By that time his name was drawing capacity crowds of 15,000 at the Quebec Auditorium (fans called it *Chateau Beliveau*) and packing rinks on the road. When he missed a game through injury or illness, rinks were half full. In Montreal, the Canadiens' executives were getting annoyed by their fans' insistent demand, "Why don't you sign Beliveau?"

The Canadiens of 1952–53 didn't need any help. They were to sweep all the way to the world championship that season. But, to keep the fans happy, it was decided to invite Beliveau up for another test, this time a full 3-game trial allowed by then without interfering with what the Q.S.H.L. classed as amateur status.

Beliveau scored 5 goals in the 3 games!

Three of them came in one game, a hat-trick display that left the New York Rangers gasping. His first goal was a long slapshot; in his second he took a pass close in and faked the

goaler out of his underwear. The third was a picture goal in which he circled the Ranger defense as if there were nobody there and rattled in an ankle-high sizzler to the far corner.

Technically, he was still eligible for junior hockey!

While he returned from "a pleasant vacation in the NHL" to spark his beloved Aces to the Canadian championship, it was again obvious that he was too good for anything but the NHL. The Quebec coach, "Punch" Imlach (later general manager and coach of Toronto Maple Leafs) made things even more tense by commenting, "The NHL must know by now that they have only two players who can compare with my boy. They are Gordie Howe and Rocket Richard."

The Canadiens produced a three-year contract that contained what was at that time regarded as a ridiculously generous offer for a rookie. It called for 53,000 dollars for the three-year period. Jean politely said "No thanks."

Rumor had it that Jean was already earning more, about 20,000 dollars a season, in senior ranks. The Quebec Senior Hockey League, jittery at the thought of losing the one star on whom the entire league's future depended, had met an impending crisis head on. Realizing that Jean was nearing the junior-age maximum limit and could be open to a "grab" by a pro team, the Q.S.H.L. declared itself professional. That put Beliveau out of raiding risk.

One fact could not be ignored for long: Beliveau had again run out of able opposition. Although his loyalty to the Aces, inspired by both faithful fans and generous payment, burned brightly, there was the matter of hockey pride to consider. How could he be happy while there was the challenge of a big-time career still to be met? How else could he prove to himself that he was really as good as his trial games in the NHL had indicated?

At the same time, the Canadiens were goaded on by their

pride. Although they held the Stanley Cup to prove they were world champs, they also had a tradition to maintain: the proud tradition of featuring the greatest French-Canadian players in the world. How could that tradition remain meaningful as long as Jean Beliveau remained in Quebec City in a league vastly inferior to the National Hockey League?

A full hockey season was to pass with Beliveau and Canadiens going their separate ways. Why? It's difficult to explain without describing the way Beliveau was treated by his admirers.

When I first interviewed him, in 1951 while he was still with the Aces at Quebec City, he drove me from the Auditorium to my hotel in an eye-catching, cream-colored convertible bearing license plate "2B." The Premier of Quebec had "1B." The automobile was the second car Beliveau's admiring fans had given him.

On a Sunday afternoon in the summer of 1952, the bigwigs of Quebec politics, headed by the late Premier Maurice Duplessis, were on hand to open a long-publicized new road over the historic Quebec Bridge. The crowd proved to be bleakly small despite the gala frills, bands, and sunshine. Choice of that date had been an unfortunate error in judgment, because on the same afternoon hockey star Jean Beliveau was handing out free ice-cream cones at a new curb-service spot. He drew 7,000 people.

Those were fantastic years for a boy. He has since admitted to me, without any trace of immodesty, that they were years of constant pressure, "If I scored only one goal the night before fans would stop me on the street and ask, 'What was the matter, Jean?' "

It was a grand life in Quebec City. He "owned" the town. He moved through those young years without a single sign of becoming a "swelled-head." He simply said, "I'm lucky." He

FRANK PRAZAK-WEEKEND MAGAZINE

A Black Hawk swoops! It's Chicago's Stan Mikita, NHL scoring champ in four of five consecutive seasons (1964–68) jumping through an opening.

6

FRANK PRAZAK-WEEKEND MAGAZINE

Bobby Hull, hockey's most glamorous superstar, circles Detroit defense. The Chicago great has passed the 500-goal mark in the NHL.

FRANK PRAZAK-WEEKEND MAGAZINE

Detroit Red Wings' Gordie Howe, greatest scoring star in NHL history, nearing his 800th goal at age 43, brushes aside opponents young enough to be his sons.

"Professor" Howe teaches hockey every August at his famous school near Detroit.

FRANK PRAZAK-WEEKEND MAGAZINE

Bobby Orr, (number 4) entered NHL at age 18 in 1967, has been winning major trophies and shattering records ever since.

Harry Howell, a teenage entry, took fifteen seasons with N.Y. Rangers before winning niche among NHL famed as 1967's top defenseman.

FRANK PRAZAK-WEEKEND MAGAZINE

A. CANADA WIDE PHOTO B. DAVID BIER STUDIOS

Then and now photos of fabulous Frank (King) Clancy—as he looked as a 127-pound boy breaking into the NHL with Ottawa and as he looked in his last pinch-hitting appearance behind Toronto bench. Clancy is now Leafs' vice-president.

FRANK PRAZAK-WEEKEND MAGAZINE

Leo Boivin (number 2) was the last of the teeth-rattling body-checkers while with Pittsburgh (above) in 1969. He is now a Minnesota scout.

Harry Lumley was made a pro at seventeen by Detroit to become an all-time goaling great there and later with Chicago, Toronto, and Boston teams.

ALEXANDRA STUDIOS

FRANK PRAZAK-WEEKEND MAGAZINE

The late Terry Sawchuk (wearing protective mask) racked up 115 shutouts during goaling career to set all-time NHL record.

How it's done! Montreal Canadiens' "Mr. Everything," superstar Jean Beliveau, out-foxed NHL goalers more than 500 times.

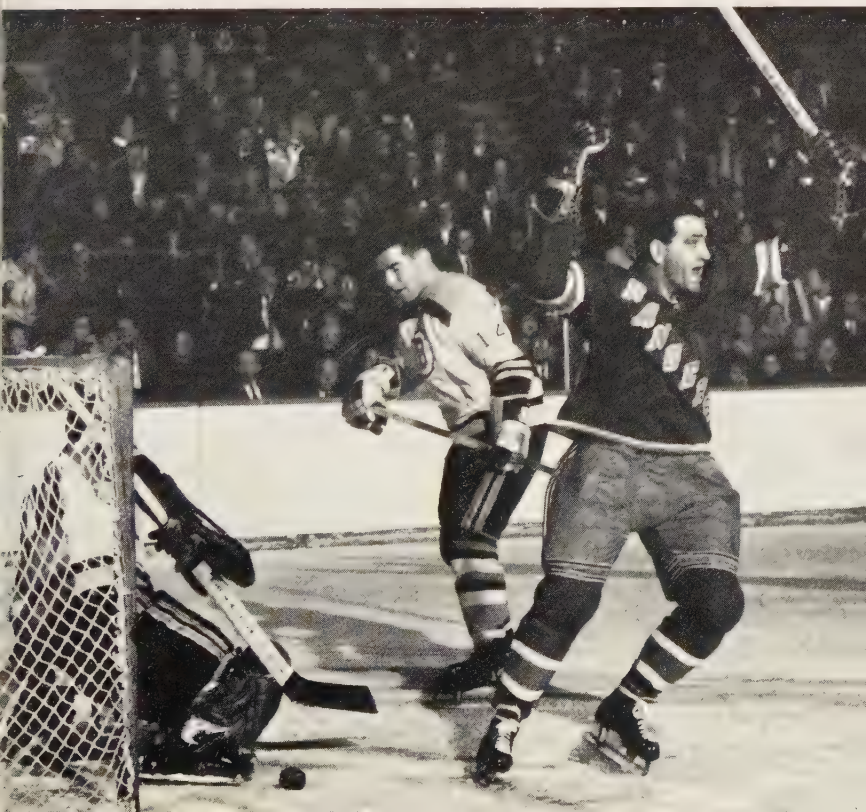
FRANK PRAZAK-WEEKEND MAGAZINE

FRANK PRAZAK-WEEKEND MAGAZINE

While Frank Mahovlich (No. 27) was playing for Toronto Maple Leafs an offer of one million dollars for him by Chicago was turned down in 1962. Nine years later, he looked like a million dollars leading Canadiens to the Stanley Cup.

Boom Boom Geoffrion was just as enthusiastic about his 393rd NHL goal while with Rangers as he was about his first as a Canadien 16 years before.

FRANK PRAZAK-WEEKEND MAGAZINE



FRANK PRAZAK-WEEKEND MAGAZINE

Opponents say: "If you are looking for the puck, just look where Henri Richard is." In 1971, he scored a Stanley Cup winning goal for the second time and got his name engraved thereon a tenth time. All as a Canadien.

DENNIS BRODEUR

Scotty Bowman, latest of three coaches within six months for Canadiens, accepts post at June, 1971 press conference in Montreal.

DENNIS BRODEUR

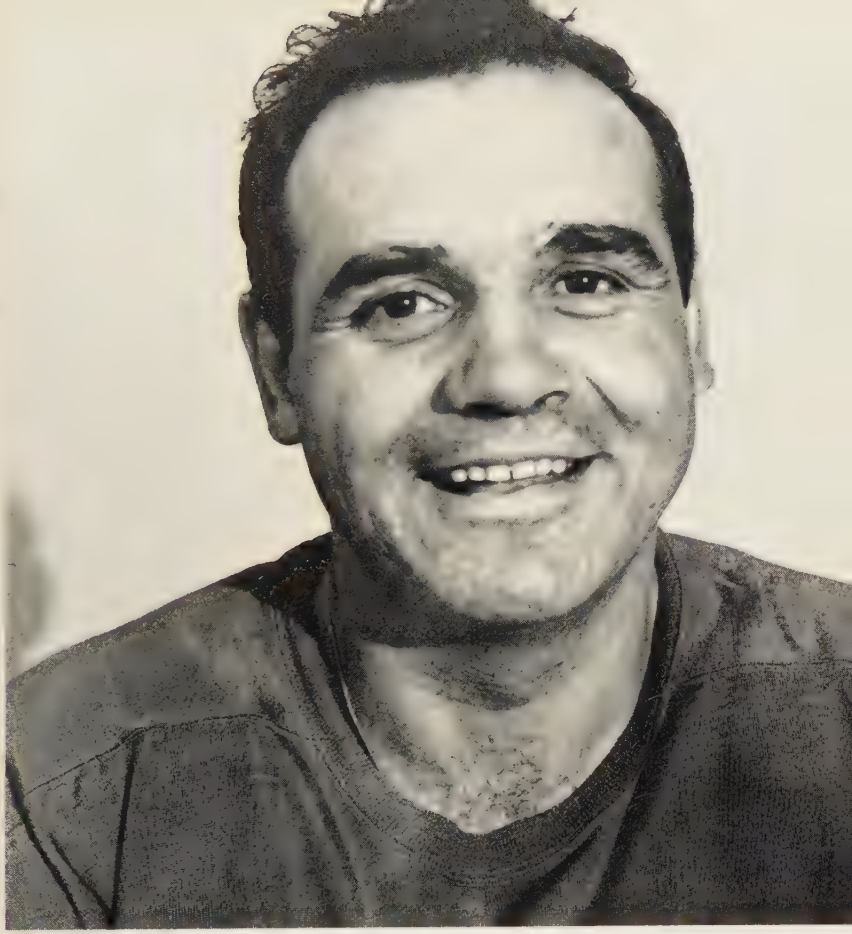
Guy Lafleur, Canadiens' new junior sensation rated successor to Beliveau. He scored 130 goals, had 79 assists with Quebec Remparts in 1970-71.

Buffalo Sabres' Gil Perreault (left), 1970–71 NHL rookie of the year, with Jean Beliveau at Beliveau-Perreault golf tournament in Victoriaville, July 10-11, 1971.

In 1952, Bill Gadsby licked polio and went on to play over 1300 games.

Rookie Dale Tallon completely foxed three experienced NHL players at Madison Square Garden.

Early in 1966, the general manager- coach of the Red Wings gave up t players for the thirty-four-year-old Leo Boivin.



With the experience of more than a thousand games as an NHL defenseman, Leo Boivin now scouts for Minnesota.

Boston's Derek Sanderson was 19 when he played his first game for Bruins.

switched the spotlight as much as he could to the team. As with every team on which he played before or since, his mates were among his most fervent fans.

But it had to happen. The Canadiens had to get Beliveau. In October, 1953, before a sea of photographic flash bulbs, microphones, and sports writers from across Canada, general manager Frank Selke waved a signed contract and pointed to the smiling Beliveau. "It really wasn't too difficult," said Selke. "All I did was open the Forum vault and tell Jean to help himself."

Negotiations hadn't been quite that simple. Beliveau insisted on "security" because the professional world tends to cool off rapidly toward a hero in a slump. He demanded a five-year contract. He eventually agreed to about 110,000 dollars spread over a five-year period plus bonuses, if earned, in events like playoff extras (in the spring of 1968 he set a new NHL record; it marked his fifteenth consecutive season in NHL playoffs). He was accompanied by a trust-company adviser who acted on the advice of Jean's father, who is now a retired foreman with the Shawinigan Water and Power at Victoriaville, Quebec. "Refuse a contract with small print. Three lines are always enough."

At that time, the contract took away the breath of rival NHL executives who frankly thought the Canadiens were out of their minds. It turned out to be an all-time bargain deal for the Flying Frenchmen.

Injuries hit Jean severely in his first full season with the Canadiens. Although he missed 26 games in the regular season, he participated in 34 (13–21) goals in 44 games. In 10 playoff games, he was back on his point-per-game average with 2 goals and 8 assists in 10 games.

In his sophomore season, when so many falter or fade out, the spectacular Jean firmly established himself in the NHL

with 37 goals and 36 assists in 70 games and 6–7 in 12 playoff games.

In his third season (1955–56), Beliveau won the league scoring championship and the most valuable player award. He tied the record for playoff goals, was a shoo-in for the first All-Star team, and was a team leader as the Canadiens took the world-championship Stanley Cup. He scored 47 goals, 41 assists for 88 points in 70 games despite spending the equivalent of almost two and one-half games (143 minutes) in the penalty boxes. He displayed a fiery nature that coaches in the violent game understand, and forgive, in top scorers. Opponents trying to prevent his scoring drives checked him fiercely and sometimes illegally. In 10 playoff games, he netted 12 goals, assisted in 7 others.

It had been quite a season for Beliveau, especially remarkable because of the discouraging way he had started. He figures he hit 15 goal posts before Coach Toe Blake said, "Stop trying to pick open spots at the goal, Jean. Just fire hard as you can at the net and ignore the goaler. When you shake your slump get choosy again."

The puck began going in and Beliveau was sailing under a full head of steam. He was consistently brilliant as the Canadiens held the world championship for five consecutive seasons—a reign unmatched in NHL history.

During the record stretch, the graceful giant played in a total of 359 regular and playoff games, participating in a total of 451 goals, scoring 214 of them himself. In those five seasons he was named to the All-Star team four times and to the alternate All-Star team the other time. In other words, the selectors of the NHL cities ranked him the best center in the world for four of the seasons and the second best in the other season.

That ended the Canadiens' five-year reign, but Beliveau's

scoring streak continued through 1960–61. His 90 scoring points (32 goals, 58 assists) were 2 more than he totaled in winning the '57 scoring crown but second to team mate Boom Boom Geoffrion's phenomenal 95.

The following season he missed 27 games through injuries. With almost any other player an 18–23 scoring record would look promising, but it was typical that fans began seeing it as "the beginning of the end for Jean." Nobody was optimistic when he started 1962–63, yet he came up with 18–49 for the sixth spot in NHL scoring.

This "comeback" seemed to stimulate the thirty-two-year-old veteran for 1963–64 and, for the second time, he won the most valuable player award (Hart Trophy) and scored 28–50.

In 1964–65 injuries removed him for 12 games, yet he managed a 20–23 season followed by a sensational playoff series that took the Canadiens all the way to the world title. His 8 goals and 8 assists won him the Conn Smythe Trophy as the most valuable playoff performer. It was the first award of the new trophy.

The Canadiens retained the title in 1965–66 with Jean topping a 29–48 season with 5 goals and 5 assists in 10 playoff games.

In 1966–67 he missed 17 games, his scoring fell to 12–26, and his sighing fans were now certain that, at the age of thirty-six, Jean would finally hang up his skates and concentrate on his executive post as a vice-president of Molson's Brewery.

But when September, time for the 1967 training camp came around, Beliveau reported, bronzed and fit, only two pounds over what he weighed at the end of the previous season. A stirring new chapter was about to be written in the superstar's saga. To many in the press box, it was his finest hour in hockey.

Early injuries knocked him out for a total of 15 games. Without him the great Canadiens' machine literally fell apart. Christmas found them in last place and new significance entered the familiar saying, "As Beliveau goes, so go the Canadiens."

How right that saying was became even more evident when he returned. Considering Beliveau's financial position, his age, the worrisome toll of injuries, and the difficulty of having to catch up in physical condition with the hustling, expanded NHL, few really believed he could return to superstar status and lift the Canadiens again.

Because of Jean's burning love of the game and his towering pride, he refused to accept general thinking. He tried as I never saw him try before in the second half of the 1967–68 schedule.

The Canadiens roared back to life under his leadership. He produced a whopping total of 68 scoring points with 31 goals, 37 assists. The Canadiens zoomed all the way to the "pennant," ending atop the East Division. Despite his miserable first half, Beliveau ended second to Chicago's Stan Mikita for the most valuable player award. (Although Beliveau had received only four votes for the first half, he held a 39–18 edge in votes over Mikita in the second half.)

The *Hockey News,* the international hockey weekly, rated him a sweeping selection in its nineteenth annual Player of the Year in the old division for "almost single-handedly lifting Canadiens from the cellar to the peak." The *News* added: "Jean is the compelling force in the team's drive for a fourteenth Stanley Cup."

And that he was.

The Canadiens rode roughshod over the Boston Bruins in the eastern quarter-finals, eliminating Bobby Orr & Co. in four straight games.

They opened the eastern semifinals against the Chicago Black Hawks with a devastating display of power, winning 9 to 2. It prompted a visiting New York columnist to observe that the Canadiens had enough youth in depth to compensate "even for retirement of their tiring ice general, Jean Beliveau, now nearing the ripe hockey age of thirty-seven."

It might have been sound journalism but, from the viewpoint of the reeling Hawks, it was like waving a red flag in front of a bull, the bull being Beliveau on the day of the second game at the Montreal Forum on April 20, 1968.

That night he scalped the Hawks with another of his single-handed performances. The Canadiens won, 4 to 1 as Beliveau scored 3 and assisted on the other. His second goal took him ahead of the great Gordie Howe's total in playoff goals, 65, and—barring retirement—within sight of former team mate Rocket Richard's 82.

The Canadiens polished off the Hawks in 5 games. In the 9 playoff games, Beliveau had been in on 11 goals, scoring 7, assisting on 4 others. Once again he was the prime candidate as the most valuable playoff player.

The Canadiens had to wait for the West Division semifinals to end. Eventually, when it ended in 7 games with the St. Louis Blues winning their way into the Stanley Cup finals for the first time, the Canadiens flew to St. Louis, but with a limping Beliveau.

He had been hit on the ankle while attempting to tip in a hard shot by a team mate during practice in Montreal. Although he was obviously hurt, there wasn't too much concern. Although few fans know it, puck hits represent one-third of the vast number of injuries suffered by NHL players during a season. What's more, a routine x-ray failed to reveal anything serious, and it was concluded that the big center had a bruised ankle.

However, severe swelling forced him out of action during the first game at St. Louis and the Canadiens' physician, Dr. D. C. Kinnear, decided not to accept Beliveau's optimistic opinion that "a little rest will have me O.K. for the next game." The doctor ordered another, more extensive, x-ray.

It revealed a cracked fibia, the bone just above the ankle.

Beliveau attended the rest of the Canadiens' 4-game sweep over the Blues as a spectator, but the climax was a stirring tribute to his inspirational force.

Traditionally, the deciding game of the final series is followed by the formal presentation of the Stanley Cup, which is accepted by the captain of the victorious team at mid-ice.

A carpet was unrolled from the side of the rink and Canadien captain Jean Beliveau hobbled out on crutches—his mates forming a wildly cheering escort—like a mighty but battered battleship steaming slowly but triumphantly back into home harbor surrounded by a noisy escort of destroyers. Ever so gracefully, in French then in English, he thanked the fans for their support and their ovation shook the Forum roof.

Actually, Jean hadn't changed a bit from the kid who had spent his winters on skates more than two decades before in Three Rivers, Quebec. He still loved hockey so much that he had played part of a Stanley Cup final series on a broken leg.

By the time training camp opened in September, 1968, the ailing leg was healed—while the press wondered aloud if it would hold up. Beliveau assured them not to worry. A number of wistful expansion team coaches snorted: "Worry? Heck, on one leg he's better than most guys in the league."

For sure, the leg was healed. It carried him at the fore all the way as Canadiens ended atop their division, as Jean won center election to the Second All-Star team with 33 goals and 49 assists in 69 games. He then sparked his team to the Stan-

ley Cup with five goals and 10 assists in 14 games.

The 1969-70 season was a shocker for Canadiens—most critics blamed complacency as they were up and down almost the entire season which climaxed in a whirlwind fight for the final playoff berth in the East Division. New York's Rangers and Canadiens finished in an absolute deadlock with equal wins, ties and losses so it had to be decided on total goals-for. On the last scheduled day, Rangers acquired a two-goal edge and Canadiens were out of the playoff for the first time in 22 seasons. In looking for reasons, many noted that Beliveau's production had dropped to 19 goals and 30 assists (still a hefty total but not for a superstar) and wondered if The Elegant One was finally fading.

Apparently Jean heard the wonderings, squared his jaw and decided that was not the way he wished to exit from the NHL.

What was to be his career-climaxing campaign was storybook stuff all the way; he played in 90 regular and playoff games leading to a record sixteenth win of the Stanley Cup for Canadiens.

It was Jean's tenth season as captain of the Flying Frenchmen, his eighteenth season as a player during which Canadiens won the Cup ten times. En route to the playoffs Jean achieved a long-sought-after target, his 500th goal in the National Hockey League—actually his career scoring in regular scheduled action totaled 507 goals and 712 assists. But it was during the 1971 playoff drama that Jean built up to retirement as only a superstar can.

Canadiens had ended the schedule in third place in the East Division while, in the West, Chicago Black Hawks finished with a better record so Canadiens were really the No. 4 team on the NHL scene. Yet, in forty headline days, they played twenty pressure games, eliminating the "unbeatable" Boston Bruins, followed by the Minnesota North Stars and, finally

the Black Hawks.

In those 20 games Beliveau scored six goals and set a new record for assists in a single playoff year with sixteen—in other words, he either scored or assisted in scoring better than a goal a game. His sixteen assists boosted his overall total playoff assists to 97, topping the old Gordie Howe record of 91.

The key figure in Beliveau's blazing finale was another superstar who had entered the NHL as a teenager, Frank Mahovlich. A trade had brought Frank from Detroit in mid-January and the two big fellows looked like twins. Still a third teenage entry into the NHL, teammate Henri Richard, scored the Stanley Cup-winning goal against Chicago. And, of course, the trio beat a fourth "teenage wonder," Bobby Orr, during their upset whopping of the Bruins.

After the Victory Parade with 500,000 fans lining the streets of Montreal, a young girl with a big notebook got beside Jean Beliveau. He thought she wanted an autograph and reached for her notebook and pencil, but she shook her head:

"No, Mr. Beliveau, I am a reporter for my high school paper and I want to ask you only one question."

He was always nice to youngsters: "Very well, miss, let's have your question."

"Which of your goals thrilled you the most?"

His eyes widened—he seemed almost startled at the bigness of the question as his mind raced back over the 507 regular and 79 playoff goals he had netted in 18 seasons and 1218 games in the Big Time. Finally Jean nodded as if to agree with himself and said:

"I guess it still has to be my very first one. It was January 27, 1951, against Chicago, and Canadiens had brought me up for a two-game trial. You see, I was only 19 and the

National Hockey League still loomed as a mighty mountain to climb—oh yes, it was a thrilling goal with Boom Boom Geoffrion setting me up to score on Harry Lumley . . ."

Geoffrion? Lumley? Two others who had entered the league as teenagers.

In mid-June there was a sequel. The day after Jean announced his retirement at a massive press conference during the 1971 NHL Draft Meeting at the Queen Elizabeth Hotel in Montreal, and was named club vice president, I dropped in at Nun's Island for a lesson from golf pro Don Collins. Over coffee, Don recalled that he had once dreamed of a hockey career. As a junior he was in the Canadiens' organization and was sent to a club co-sponsored by the team at Victoriaville, Que. On the Victoriaville team was a 17-year-old player named Jean Beliveau.

"It's difficult to think of Beliveau as ordinary," mused Collins, "but he was just that. Lanky, too lanky, even awkward. And a wild shooter. However, one thing I did notice—long after we had showered and dressed, drunk a Coke and yakked around the dressing room, Beliveau was still out on the ice . . . practicing shooting."

FRANK MAHOVLICH

Shy Kid: 1 Million Dollar Price Tag

In sport one often hears a superstar referred to as "a million-dollar player" but in only one case has the statement been backed by an actual check.

In December, 1962, at the annual National Hockey League All-Star Dinner in Toronto, an argument arose over Frank Mahovlich, the 6-foot, 205-pound left winger then with Toronto Maple Leafs.

Just how the 1962 argument started nobody ever found out, but the late Jim Norris, multimillionaire co-owner of the Chicago Black Hawks, flatly claimed that the Big M (Frank's moniker given by the admiring press) was worth "a million bucks" to any NHL team.

At the same table was seated a Maple Leafs' executive who must have thought Norris was joking and said:

"You put up the million, Jim, and he's yours."

The conversation was reported around the dinner tables. Those who knew Norris real well stated emphatically that Norris never joked on sport offers or bets and that the seven-figure offer must be taken seriously. Many cynics saw it solely as a publicity stunt. (Later it was revealed that Frank Selke, then general manager of Canadiens and a close friend of Norris, tried to talk Norris into forgetting the whole thing because a million is a lot of money. Norris retorted: "Look, Frank, I've got 250 million so what's the difference if I got

only 249?")

The next day, sure enough, Norris's check was shown to the press, endorsed by the Royal York Hotel in Toronto. As word got around and headlines screamed, the Maple Leafs called a full executive meeting at the Maple Leaf Gardens while young pickets patrolled outside the arena with signs that pleaded:

DON'T SELL OUR BIG M

The meeting ended with the Toronto management backing down on the agreement of one of its members and returning the check and cash to Norris, who told interviewers, "Evidently the Toronto Maple Leafs place the same value on Mahovlich as I do."

There was more to the incident than an attempt to buy a player. Sure, Mahovlich was good. In two previous seasons he had been voted to All-Star teams and was on his way to win the honor for six consecutive seasons—but the big thing was that his fire power had been a major factor in Leafs' winning the Stanley Cup in the last season and the Cup meant more to Norris than a million dollars. Jim figured Mahovlich would make the difference between his Hawks being contenders and becoming champions.

The Leafs with Mahovlich kept the Cup for three consecutive seasons, during which time he scored or assisted in scoring 228 goals in 242 regular season and playoff games.

So, the Leafs apparently established that they had at least 228 sound reasons for keeping Mahovlich, which probably accounted for the state of shock in Toronto six years later, in early 1968, when Big M, highest-scoring star of Leafs' history, was actually traded away.

But it was quite a trade. The *Hockey News* ran a double-deck front page sweepline in red type:

IMLACH MAKES DESPERATE BID FOR PLAYOFF

TRADING 'BIG M' FOR THREE RED WING STARS

As was to be expected, Coach Punch Imlach became the target for mass abuse. The switchboard at Maple Leaf Gardens was jammed with calls. In Detroit there was also a howl of protest from fans over trading off three established National Hockey Leaguers (Norm Ullman, who had 30 goals and 25 assists to date that season, plus Paul Henderson and Floyd Smith). However, the Leafs also threw in centers Peter Stemkowski and Gary Unger along with rights to defenseman Carl Brewer, who had defected from the Leafs two years before to play in an "amateur" league.

It all added up to a deal about which fans could argue well into any night, but the fact was that Big M had been the key to it all. Without him, nothing would have happened so at thirty-one, a third NHL club officially placed high value on his play.

Born in Timmins and brought up in Shumacher, two Ontario towns with he-man histories, Frank Mahovlich (pronounced "Mawhawvlitch" with emphasis on the "hawv") came from sturdy Croatian stock. He drew the attention of several NHL scouts in early boyhood but Frank made no bones about his team preference. Frank wanted one day to play for the Maple Leafs, who lost no time in getting his name on their negotiation list. It was under the Leafs' guidance that he enrolled at St. Michael's College in Toronto, where he starred on the junior team of the school famed for its development of great hockey players. More than fifty former St. Mike's players have made it up to the NHL.

Frank was barely eighteen years old when Leafs brought him up for a 3-game trial as allowed by the Canadian Amateur Hockey Association without endangering the boy's amateur status. The husky junior scored a goal and looked impressive enough to make the jump to the NHL the following season at nineteen and remain there.

In that first season, 1957–58, Frank was a 20-goal scorer—

the mark of a true NHL star—while assisting on 16 other goals. He was voted rookie of the year (Calder Trophy), outshining another interesting rookie with the Chicago Black Hawks by the name of Bobby Hull.

Thirteen years later he reached the 400-goal plateau attained only by the game's superstars. Such scoring is the mark of a very special breed of hockey player. Checking lines can be created, but no coach has discovered how to convert a 15-goal shooter into a 20-plus sharpshooter. That 20-goal mark in the NHL is usually regarded as bearing a star stamp; at the end of his thirteenth season the Big M had made it 11 times. That plus plenty; seven times he has exceeded 30 and twice soared with 48 and 49 goals.

In his 48-goal season, 1960–61, the Big M really looked like a million dollars—10 of his goals were game winners. What's more, he assisted in 36 other goals. The Leafs finished second that season with a team total of 234 goals scored. Mahovlich was in on more than one-third of the goals despite spending the equivalent of two complete games on the penalty benches of the league (131 minutes).

The time he has totaled in the National Hockey League's sin-bins would seem to indicate he is a "dirty" player. The *Hockey News* of December 16, 1967, carried a front page sweepline in flaming red type:

BIG M KNOCKS BRUIN STARS OUT

The subhead enlarged on the theme: "Orr, Green, Casualties of Bruising Leaf."

The lines were true enough but the great Bobby Orr and rugged Ted Green hadn't been victims of any Mahovlich mayhem, as a glance at the head and subhead seemed to indicate. The stalwart Boston defense combination had both been belted out of action by getting in the way of Mahovlich shots in the same game at Toronto.

Orr, the most seriously injured, had dropped on his knees to block a Big M slapshot—and block it he did, at the cost of a cracked collar bone. Green took another shot by the Big M on his right knee and was out for a week.

Prior to that pair of shattering shots, Boston had been leading, 3 to 0. The game ended, 3 to 3, which proved anew that there are many ways to win—or tie—a seemingly "lost" game.

After the game, one of the pressmen asked Mahovlich about the shots. No, he wasn't happy about them, but not for the reason you'd think.

"They were a bit high," he said rather apologetically. "I try to keep them about six inches high."

As for the penalties he picks up, they are the result of his aggressive, crease-crashing style of play, not of such deliberately dirty tactics as fighting and slashing.

The crease is roughly a 6-foot "box" marked off in front of the goal mouth into which no attacker may enter unless the puck is there first. The purpose, of course, is to prevent unfair interference with the goaler before the puck arrives.

However, 75 percent of NHL goals are the result of rebounds—follow-up shots after the goaler has made a stop. The big, strong player who can keep his position in the "slot" —just beyond the crease and between the two huge faceoff circles—is a valuable man to have on your team.

There are some 23,000 shots fired per season that could be goals (not counting wild shots) and the net minder manages to come up with the puck nine times out of ten. Scoring isn't easy and crease-crashing players like Mahovlich have to combine a mixture of bull-strength action and strategic maneuvering to get their sticks on any loose pucks for the simple reason that the natives in the goal area aren't friendly.

When Mahovlich is in the slot the guarding defenseman has a problem. While he aims at shoving Mahovlich out of the

area the defenseman must avoid shoving Mahovlich the wrong way—that is, inside the crease area and into the goaler. If Mahovlich is shoved into the crease by a defender, he is there legally.

It all adds up to a savage melee of elbows, hips, and sticks from which a measure of penalties just have to come. It's hard to be nice to a defenseman who plants an elbow in your face. Defensemen are grateful there aren't many players with the size and stamina and sheer guts of a Mahovlich. For all his fierceness on the rink, Frank is a quiet man much of the time. In his junior days he was described as "that big, shy kid." He never impresses an interviewer as a great, tough superstar. You'll see him browsing around a hotel lobby's bookstore or eating alone in the coffee shop.

Fred Cederberg of the Toronto *Telegram* once wrote, "He should be riding a burro, his head under a black slouch hat, a tattered cape over his shoulders, a bandolier of .303 ammo slung across his chest and a war surplus Mark IV Lee-Enfield rifle tucked under one arm. And there he'd be, up in the Yugoslav hills, leading a one-man guerrilla war against the Commies—then he'd be great, drifting, fighting, doing all those things at his own pace."

When training camp opened in September of 1965, Big M surprised his mates. He had been married during the off-season and together with his wife, Marie, had spent two and a half months touring Europe. To his apparent amazement, he found that people knew him on the golf course of St. Andrews in Scotland, on buses in Italy, and almost everywhere he went.

"That trip sure did wonders for Frank," commented Leaf Bob Baun, "Last year he hardly said two words all training camp. Now he's taking part in conversations."

An interviewer finds talk with Mahovlich difficult until the

talk veers into hockey's more intricate phases and stratagems, then the Big M becomes an interested and lively subject. He has made a study of the game as few players ever have, and as he talks his eyes brighten with enthusiasm.

While others inject frolic into the fury of life in the hockey big time, Mahovlich seems to fret when he isn't playing well. Early in the 1967–68 season, he entered hospital for a few weeks to fight off depression and tension.

Storms have always engulfed him. His long, striding style often gives an impression that he is taking it easy and draws boos from the stands, but one never hears opposing players say he is easy to cover. With his skating style goes a deceptive change of pace that quickens into express-train speed when he "smells" a goal in the making.

He appears to be a gentle man, which he naturally is. But don't take advantage of that gentleness.

One night in Toronto during his sensational 48-goal season (1960–61) he spotted an opening with minutes to go, in a game against New York Rangers, and yelled for a pass. Only one Ranger was within skating reach of Mahovlich. It was tough, battle-scarred veteran Bill Gadsby, who had learned a lot of harsh hockey in sixteen seasons as a defense star with Chicago and New York. (He finally retired after five more seasons with Detroit.)

Mahovlich lost a stride or two trying to make the rolling puck behave. That was enough for Gadsby who surged into Mahovlich in a wild flurry that resulted in major penalties to both for fighting, followed by misconduct penalties (ten minutes and a fine) when they resumed hostilities at the penalty bench.

Newspapermen caught up with Mahovlich coming out of the shower and noted welts and a cut across his bare back. But he shrugged it off.

"Gadsby high-sticked me," he said simply.

In the Ranger room a doctor was just finishing a stitching job on the much-stitched Gadsby face. What happened?

"I was trying to elbow Mahovlich out of the way and I guess my stick got him around the shoulders," Gadsby said wryly, "but he got me on the way down."

If the deal that sent the Big M from Toronto to Detroit in 1968 kicked up a storm, the one that sent him to Montreal in mid-January of 1971 roused a hurricane—Detroit fans' shrieks of dismay were drowned by Montreal fandom's yelps of joy.

The magnificent machine—often classed as a textbook left winger—kept on rolling at regular production rate despite change in teams. In 35 games with Detroit that season he had scored 14 and assisted on 18 other goals; in 38 games with Montreal during the remainder of the regular season he had a 17-24 record.

But the trade did even more for Canadiens. While it seemed to inject an electricity just when the Montreal club appeared aimed for a forlorn finish, it also gave new life to Frank. In the dressing room he was grinning and joining in team horseplay like he used to as a young player breaking in with the Maple Leafs.

"Yeah, hockey is fun again with this bunch," he admitted to me. "Even in practices you can feel the Canadiens' love of sheer speed and what has become known as fire-wagon hockey. And playing with Jean Beliveau at center is a new thrill for me even after spending almost half my life in the NHL."

On the night of February 11, 1971, Frank paid Beliveau a tribute in deeds that established the Big M as a confirmed idol with home fans. Beliveau was three goals away from his all-time objective—the fabulous 500th goal.

"The pressure was building with each game," Beliveau admitted, "and I dreaded getting to 499 and having to skate

through six or seven games before scoring the Big One."

The problem was settled quickly—with a hat trick that night against Minnesota North Stars at the Montreal Forum.

Beliveau scored No. 498 with a wicked slapshot that goaler Gilles Gilbert caught but couldn't hold—it trickled through his grasp into the net. The excitement was still making the Forum tremble when Frank Mahovlich forced Minnesota defenseman Ted Harris to lose the puck in Minnesota zone and blocked Harris as Beliveau skated in alone on Gilbert for No. 499.

No. 500 started with the Big M breaking out of his own end, over the Minnesota blueline, veering left and taking Harris with him while drop-passing to Canadien Phil Roberto. Roberto drew the other Minnesota defenseman, Fred Barrett, before drop-passing to Beliveau, who made it a thing of beauty by stick-handling the Big One all the way behind Gilbert.

The 1971 playoffs and the breathtaking world title upset win by Canadiens have gone into the pages of NHL history as the most dramatic ever and, undoubtedly, as producer of the finest hockey ever seen in the 20-game fight by the league's winningest club during that 40-day span.

The scoring leader of the 1971 "ulcer series" was Frank Mahovlich. Visiting hockey scribes from both Toronto and Detroit were openly amazed at his speed as he raced to a fifth Stanley Cup win—four previously with Toronto.

"What are they feeding the Big M here?" asked one of them. "Nitroglycerine on his breakfast food, maybe?"

My opinion is that the 31-year-old Big M had found, in the speedy-crazy Canadiens, what he had long missed. His style is good for kids to study. Too many players have only two speeds—low and high gear—which can be easily handled by covering opponents. Frank has low, second and high gears; the cover thinks he's got things taped when Frank is in second

but then he takes off with those long strides that take him beyond reach. However, the explosive speed-spurts are of little use if Frank finds himself in enemy territory without a mate or two alongside. From the time he donned a Canadien sweater, the Big M was almost never alone no matter how fast he took off—thus the feel of fun he spoke about rediscovering.

His 14 goals set a National Hockey League playoff record; the goals plus 13 assists saw him tie the playoff record of 27 points set the year before by Bruins' Phil Esposito.

If Jim Norris thought the Big M worth a million dollars nine years before, I wonder what it makes the "shy kid" from Timmins worth on today's inflated market?

"BOOM BOOM" GEOFFRION

Broken Rink-Boards Gave Him Nickname

"There's a young right winger playing junior hockey with the Montreal Nationals who is making a massive contribution to the Quebec lumber industry," wrote Charlie Boire in the Montreal *Star*, "he boom-booms that puck so hard that he shatters rink boards when he's wide of the nets."

Thus Bernard Andre Geoffrion became "Boom Boom" during a three-season span starting at the age of seventeen in 1948–49. When not busting boards he amassed a total of 147 goals (assisting in 113 others). In all three seasons he was named to the Quebec Amateur Hockey Association All-Star teams.

His cannonlike shot literally lifted him out of the league at nineteen, when he appeared destined to break all seasonal junior records. Before turning pro during 1950–51, he had 54 goals and 44 assists in 36 games!

The NHL Canadiens, hit by injuries, sent him into action for 18 games. He scored 8 goals, assisted in 4.

"It was a good warm-up," reflects Geoffrion, "because, during the summer I got thinking and wondering why I hadn't scored more. It was then I realized it was necessary to get the puck away quicker in the NHL because your cover always seems near you up there."

"Thinking" sure paid off for Boom Boom. In his second season he finished with a total of 30 goals. Combined with 24

assists, his scoring placed him sixth in the NHL and won him the rookie of the year award. (A player who hasn't been in more than 20 games in a previous season remains eligible for the Calder Trophy.)

His fourteen fabulous seasons with the Canadiens were packed with drama. Twice he won the NHL scoring championship (Art Ross Trophy) and once he won the most valuable player award (Hart Trophy). In a league that recognizes 20 goals as a "big" season, Geoffrion exceeded that total twelve times in fourteen seasons. On four occasions he scored 30 or more. In 1960–61 he banged 50 into the nets. He had become the fourth highest regular-season scorer in NHL history.

However, his reckless style of play took a severe toll: a ruptured intestine that left him on the brink of death for days, eight nose fractures, the loss of all his teeth, a double separation of the shoulder bone, a cut tendon, and a broken left hand. After his fourteenth season (1963–64), and a career in which he had been named to three All-Star teams and had starred with six Canadien world Championship teams, he decided to end his playing career and accepted the post of coach with the Quebec Aces of the American Hockey League.

At the age of thirty-three (he was born on St. Valentine's Day, February 14, 1931), Boom Boom began a new career but retained a link with his exciting past. While supervising practices he continued carrying a stick (ex-players never feel comfortable on skates without a stick) and always joined in the usual shooting drill.

Sportswriters attending the practices during Coach Geoffrion's second season began commenting that he might be getting old but the Boom Boom was still in his shot. In New York, the Rangers' management got ideas. After missing the playoffs for four straight seasons, they decided the missing link

lay in lack of a hard shot from the "point"—that is, from the opposing blue line while attacking, particularly on the power play when the other team was shorthanded. They invited Geoffrion to become a Ranger.

"A comeback at the age of thirty-five?" Geoffrion exclaimed when approached with the idea, "You must be kidding."

But Boom Boom, friends revealed, was delighted with the compliment paid him by the New York club. Talking wife Marlene into the idea was more difficult. She remembered the injuries, the nights and days of worry. But she also knew that her husband was in good shape and the Rangers insisted they wanted him "mainly as a specialist whose play would require legs and shot, but not regular two-way shift action."

So it came to pass. At the NHL draft meeting in June, 1966, the Rangers obtained Geoffrion on waivers (he was still on the Canadiens' list) and returned him to the NHL not only at a venerable age but after two seasons away from playing.

It appeared to be too much to expect a comeback, but back came the Boom Boom with all the old fire and fun. Rangers found new life with the happy "holler" guy, and the upper galleries at Madison Square Garden promptly adopted him as their pride and joy. This was quite a contrast, indeed, from the same fans' feelings in January, 1954, when the same Geoffrion then with the Canadiens, broke the jaw of Ranger favorite Ron Murphy in a savage fight. Geoffrion was suspended for 8 games, Murphy for 5.

On the morning before Christmas, 1966, Robert Sylvester of the New York *Daily News* commented, "Why don't they give Mayor Lindsay a hockey stick and let Boom Boom run the city for a while?"

That night in the Montreal Forum, where he had retired as a National Hockey League superstar two years and eight

months before, the ex-Canadien firmly informed the world that his aim was more of an old hockey career, not a new political career. He scored 2 goals as the Rangers won, 4 to 3. The next night he celebrated Christmas with another goal—and a prize gift it was for the Rangers. They won, 1 to 0.

Shortly afterwards, in New York, the author asked the 5-foot-9-inch, 180-pound Geoffrion if it meant he had retired too soon and wasted two seasons in major hockey?

"My decision seemed good at the time," said Geoffrion, "but in the secret section of my heart, whenever I watched an NHL game during those two years, I felt I could do as well as or better than many players on the ice."

He played in 58 of the Rangers' 70 games in that comeback season, scored 17 goals and assisted in 25. Rangers entered the playoffs for the first time in five seasons. They were unlucky in that they had to face the hot Canadiens in the semi-finals and were eliminated in 4 games, but the loyal fans had a season of thrills as compensation and two more goals by Boom Boom in the playoffs.

Shortly after he passed his thirty-seventh birthday in his "second comeback season" a stomach ailment that had been bothering him for months forced him to the sidelines, but Rangers had a playoff cinched. The future was uncertain again for Geoffrion, but not for long. A few weeks later, on the morning of May 31, 1968, he received a phone call from general manager and coach Emile Francis, asking the Boomer to drop around later in the day.

"With expansion," Francis said, "the two jobs have become too much for one man since I must travel more to watch our farm players. You turned the Rangers from losers into winners; we'd like you to sign this two-year contract as coach. What do you say?"

For the first time in the memory of hockeydom, Boom

Boom Geoffrion was speechless. He signed without looking at the terms.

In his 1967–68 scoring he shared in 20 goals and brought his own career total (regular season) up to 393. Typically, he reminded worried interviewers, "Don't forget my outstanding contribution this season—I taught Johnny Carson how to play goal."

It had been a hilarious television network show. The noted television personality had dressed up in Ranger goaling garb and rather frantically absorbed coaching in the ungentle art of stopping pucks fired by Boom Boom, also in full gear. Goeffrion's comments while he fired pucks had the coast-to-coast watchers laughing heartily.

The spectacular comeback was undoubtedly a key factor in lifting New York from the hockey doldrums. It was also agreed at the Geoffrion home at Long Beach in Long Island that it had proven immensely worthwhile if for no other reason than to convince his hockey-minded sons (by now Bobby was thirteen and Danny nine) that their Dad was really an honest-to-goodness hockey star. Daughter Linda, now fifteen, had seen something of Geoffrion's greatness before his sun had begun waning in Montreal, but the boys had been too young to be aware of their dad's fame.

Now the assorted action pictures of Dad on the den wall had new meaning, but one magnificent portrait—larger than any of their dad—will always leave the boys in uncertain awe.

It's a photo of their grandfather, the late Howie Morenz.

Hockey history rates Howie Morenz as a legendary superstar, who more than any other player was responsible for "selling" the National Hockey League to the United States. The blur of speed and reckless skill that was Morenz wooed promoter Tex Rickard into putting a team, New York Americans, in Madison Square Garden on condition that the opening

NHL game there be against Montreal Canadiens with, in headline letters, THE GREAT MORENZ.

The Geoffrion boys' mother was Marlene Morenz. Strange as it may seem, neither she nor Boom Boom ever saw the incomparable Howie play.

In an NHL game at the Montreal Forum on the night of January 28, 1937, Morenz suffered a severe leg fracture. Complications developed leading to his death on March 8. His body lay in state in a coffin at center ice as fans jammed the Forum to see him for the last time. A funeral service was conducted there with the fellow greats of hockey as pall bearers. That day Marlene was only four years old and Boom Boom was a six-year-old boy wobblingly weaving atop his first skates on a rink at Lafontaine Park in Montreal.

Marlene became quite a figure skater; and it was after an ice carnival at the Forum that she was introduced by her brother, Howie Morenz, Jr., to a friend who had just hit the news by signing a Canadien contract, Bernie Geoffrion. They were engaged three months later, married five months after that.

Bobby Geoffrion has one memory of a night that would be quite impossible for any hockey-loving kid to forget—even if it were only his sixth birthday on December 7, 1961.

Boom Boom was away with the Canadiens in Toronto for a game against the Maple Leafs. Before the game he phoned long distance to wish Bobby a happy birthday. Bobby yelled into the phone. "Please, Daddy, score a goal for my birthday."

Boom Boom promised he would. Then there was a lull on the line.

"I could tell by the murmur of voices," Boom Boom relates, "that Bobby was getting instructions from Marlene. Then he came back on the phone and said, 'Daddy, would you please get two goals so you will beat Momma's pappy?' "

Howie Morenz's fourteen-season career had ended with a total of 270 goals. Geoffrion had scored 269 to date.

That night Boom Boom really blazed his heavy artillery at the Toronto net. In the very first period he scored number 270 and number 271!

HENRI RICHARD

Rookie With "His Own Puck"

When the Montreal Canadiens opened their training camp in September of 1955, there was much talk about the need for injecting youth into the team. For two consecutive springs, the Flying Frenchmen had made it into the Stanley Cup finals—the World Series of major hockey—only to be beaten out. Now, to training camp, they summoned the cream of their Junior A amateur crop for tryouts.

"But aren't the Canadiens carrying their youth drive too far?" asked a radio sportscaster with tongue in cheek. "They're actually testing a kid who has seen only four birthdays."

It was true, of course. Henri Richard had been a Leap Year baby, born on February 29, 1936. He was nineteen years old, but he did look very much like a babe in the woods, a woods made up of hardened hockey pros. Henri weighed only 155 pounds, stood only 5-feet, 7-inches tall, and still had another season of elgibility as a junior. However, courtesy and custom demanded that the top scorer with the Junior Canadiens be allowed a tryout.

Henri made a shambles of the training sessions.

After two weeks, Doug Harvey (seven-time winner of the James Norris Trophy as hockey's greatest defenseman) protested to the press, "That kid seems to be playing with his own

puck—nobody seems able to get it away from him. A second puck should be provided for the rest of us."

Who could possibly have guessed that only twelve years later when the National Hockey League celebrated its Fiftieth Anniversary that its most select scoring club—the NHL 250-goal club—would have acquired a total membership of only twenty players in the whole half-century and that two of them would be brothers, both skating to membership as Canadiens?

By that time, in the 1966–67 season, the fabulous Maurice (Rocket) Richard had been retired for seven years with a total of 544 regular schedule goals. But that season wee Henri, long since nicknamed "The Pocket Rocket," scored his 264th.

What's more, since centers like Henri are primarily playmakers, he had also assisted on 446 other goals in regular schedule play. He had been in on the scoring of a whopping total of 710 Canadien counters!

To that total in 764 games he had added 29 goals and 54 assists in 98 playoff games.

For Mr. and Mrs. Onesime Richard of Montreal, parents of two superstars, there had been many nights to remember but nothing could compare to the night of February 20, 1958, at the Montreal Forum.

Three months before, in a game at Toronto, their Maurice had suffered an injury that medical men agreed marked the end of a fabulous career. A partially severed Achilles tendon at the age of thirty-six was enough to end the skating of any normal man. But it seemed the Rocket wasn't to be classified as "normal." He returned to skates and that night, after his long layoff, the Forum bulged as a season's record crowd came to see another miracle.

They were not disappointed. The Rocket was the fury he

had been in his youth. Six times he got in on Harry Lumley, the frantic goalie in the Boston Bruins' nets. Four times Lumley stopped him, but twice he didn't as the Rocket scored his 505th and 506th goals.

On both goals, wee Henri drew assists.

That night, more than any other one of many memorable nights, Henri repaid a profound favor to "my big brother." It went back to that training-camp period in September of 1955.

Frank Selke, Sr., then general manager of Canadiens, told me his secretary came in one day as training neared its end and the season was about to open, to say, "The Richards are outside and would like to see you."

Selke repeated, puzzled, "Both Richards?" He had them sent in.

Maurice entered, smiling. Henri hung back, shy and unable to speak English. Without even taking the seats that Selke had offered them, Maurice said, "My brother has asked me to speak for him; he wants to play with us."

Selke, wise in the way of hockey men and hockey boys, smiled back with genuine warmth. He quietly explained that the NHL was a world of hardened men and great talent. He thought Henri needed the extra season in junior hockey for grooming and putting on "a little more muscled meat."

"I told him that already," the Rocket sighed, "but he said that if we Canadiens couldn't get the puck away from him for three weeks what other team in the NHL can?"

Selke took a long, thoughtful look into the blazing, eager eyes of the nineteen-year-old boy who bore the storied Richard name.

"How much does he want?" Selke asked.

Maurice repeated the question in French. Henri simply shrugged.

"He just wants to play with Canadiens," said Maurice. "How about two thousand dollars to sign and the usual rate for rookies of one hundred dollars a game."

Selke took a deep breath, pressed his buzzer, and told the secretary to bring in a contract form. They signed and shook hands. But as the brothers, now grinning widely, were leaving the office, Selke called them back and asked for the contract. Puzzled, Henri handed it to Selke who tore it up. "I'll give you a better one, Henri," he said, "We'll make it five thousand dollars to sign."

Selke later explained, "I felt sure the boy was going to make it, and in years to come I didn't want him to feel I had taken advantage of his youth and eagerness. He has received much better contracts since; there have never been any arguments."

Maurice produced a prophetic quote, "Mr. Selke, long after I retire, I will be coming back to the Forum—to watch Henri play."

The men of the press box were astounded but the human-interest angle prompted them to probe. Where had young Henri learned his stick-handling wizardry?

Without any attempt at dramatizing, Henri told them he had been forced to stick-handle on the frozen patches of Montreal's Back River in his learning days.

"We often had only one puck between twenty-five guys in those days," he said, "and with twelve mates on your team playing against twelve or thirteen others at the same time—almost all of them bigger than I—the only way I could get any action was to hold on to the puck."

From that a casual listener might assume that Henri "hogs" the puck, but his team mates of a dozen seasons with the Canadiens point to the 500 goals in which he assisted (regular and playoff) during that period by passing the puck. What those Back River games taught Henri was the importance of

puck control, of holding on to it if you can't better your team's chances by passing. An athlete of very few words he will, when pressed, repeat his rule, "As long as we control the puck the other team can't score."

Coach Toe Blake of Canadiens puts it another way, "You'll never see Henri passing just for passing's sake."

After signing the Pocket Rocket, Canadiens began to rule NHL play. Their famous colors dominated the big time and the world championship for five consecutive campaigns. It would be wrong to conclude that Henri alone transformed the Canadiens from contenders to champions, but he helped; and in hockey a good center improves two other players, the right and left wings. He is the pivot of a line's play and "strength down the middle" is the key to championship play in hockey as well as in baseball.

His mother had been openly worried about "little Henri" mixing in the furious action of the NHL and "big brother" Maurice obviously hovered around when trouble brewed, but it was soon obvious that Henri could handle his own troubles, thank you. His temper, as red hot as his desire to win, got him into several early-career brawls. Henri dropped the Boston Bruins' husky Jack Bionda with one punch. He took on such tough operators as the Chicago Black Hawks' Pierre Pilote and Boston's Fern Flaman. It took him a while to learn that players with quick tempers are the delight of opposing coaches. Henri made several trips to the penalty bench before he got wise to the opposing strategy.

In his first season, rookie Richard scored 19 goals, had 21 assists, and ended with a 4–4 record in 10 playoff games. He had also established himself as a full-fledged Canadien; Selke's gamble was now good as gold.

Centering a line that had brother Rocket at right wing and Dickie Moore at left, Henri's production increased steadily. In

1957–58 he totalled 28 goals and 52 assists for 80 points in 67 games and was voted to the center position in the first All-Star team, recognition as the best centerman in the world of hockey. Moore was NHL scoring champion and Henri was second. Plagued by injuries, brother Rocket was with the line for only 28 games but contributed 15 goals and 19 assists. However, anybody who filled in couldn't miss a glory ride that season with the way Moore and Henri were flying.

Intensely serious-minded Henri impressed all reporters who traveled with Canadiens in those days as a model to hold up in reply to those who criticized professional hockey as a career.

Hockey was his business and he worked at it all the year round, keeping in shape in off-season with golf and tennis. During the card games on long train rides, Henri read an English magazine with a French-English dictionary beside him. He was soon being interviewed in English on radio and television. His money went into several profitable business lines. He is now married and raising a fine family. With the handsome pension scheme now in force in the NHL, Henri will never have any financial worries.

Certainly, Henri has made many contributions to the game's thrills.

Gordie Howe once commented in the Detroit dressing room, "You never have to look for the puck when that young Richard is on the ice. If he's on the puck's with him."

His stick-handling wizardry has placed him at the very peak in that department, and some of the goals coming out of that wizardry have been gems. I suppose the most recent always seems the greatest, but for sheer skill and drama it would be difficult to top his 306th goal (273 in regular season), which was his 33rd in playoff action. He scored it under the most intense pressure in the third period of the last game of the 1968 Stanley Cup final series against the St. Louis Blues.

The Canadiens were trailing, 2 to 1, and it looked as though the Blues' determined checking would win out and prolong the series. Then, with totally unexpected suddenness, it happened.

Canadien defenseman Jean Claude Tremblay carried the puck down the right wing. A Blues' defenseman rushed at him and Tremblay fired at the net. It appeared to be just another bad angle shot that Glenn Hall, the great Blues' goalie, would handle with ease. Actually the shot would have missed the far side of the net entirely but, from nowhere, came a blur of red. It was Henri Richard in full stride, cutting across in front of Hall. From a corner of his right eye, Henri caught a flash of black on the ice, reached back behind him with his stick, and deflected the puck into the far corner of the net.

For a full second or two after the red light flashed on, the packed Forum crowd sat in stunned silence. Then the storm broke. It took five minutes to clear the ice.

The Canadiens never did lose the momentum of that tying goal. Four minutes later, Jean Claude Tremblay again got within range, and this time his blazing shot hit the far corner to cop the Stanley Cup for the Canadiens.

It marked the eighth time that Henri Richard had helped the Flying Frenchmen to the world championship; by the time the storybook playoff drama of 1971 had ended it was ten times—and the second time he had actually scored the Stanley Cup winning goal. On May 5, 1966, at the Detroit Olympia in 2:20 of overtime, he had plunged headfirst, his body just grazing a goal post as he continued on to crash the boards, but the puck had ridden beside his arm and brushed off into the Red Wings' net. It was rather an unorthodox way to score but legal since Henri hadn't shoved the puck into the net—it had the same status as a shot deflecting off a player.

However, the 1971 Cup-winner was strictly orthodox. Here

is how the sweating Henri described it in the jubilant Canadien dressing room at Chicago:

"I had the puck in my skates at the blueline but managed to kick it up to my stick. Magnuson (Chicago defenseman Keith Magnuson) tried to stop me, missed and tumbled, but I got around him. Tony Esposito (goaler) came out of his crease a little and went down. I put it up, that's all."

That was the 40th playoff goal—and 344th overall goal—Henri had scored (besides assisting on 644 others) since, as a nineteen-year-old, too-small training camp tryout, he had turned his back on another junior season to plead for a Canadien sweater in September of 1955.

But his most lasting contribution has undoubtedly been in proving to the world that small size is not an insurmountable obstacle—even in reaching for superstardom in the harshest of sports.

"I learned that since I can't bump my way through those big defenses," Henri once told me, "the only way was to go around them. Sometimes I think my smallness is an advantage, especially when I developed a crouching style. A big defenseman was often at a disadvantage. He'd even tumble over me if he tried to use his body rather than his stick. But everything depends on speed, so I learned to skate as hard as I could as long as I could because you never know when an unexpected break will come in a big game at pitched speed."

Henri also has a word of wisdom to add about a small man who has pierced the big defense barrier.

"Once you are alone with a goaler," he says, "size doesn't matter. A hard, low shot fired by a small player can be just as dangerous as one by a big fellow."

LEO BOIVIN

"Look at the Fire Plug!"

In mid-February of 1966 the National Hockey League trade winds blew defenseman Leo Boivin from Boston to Detroit. As he pulled on a Red Wings' uniform for the first time, one of his new team mates yipped, "Hey, get a look at the fire plug!"

Sure enough, the bright-red sweater, red pants, and red stockings with white trim did make the squat, 5-foot-7-inch, 185-pound Boivin look somewhat similar to a fire plug. Gordie Howe carried the similarity one step further when he added, "Yeah, and he sure feels like a fire plug when you run into him."

Beyond question, Leo Boivin has been the hardest-hitting defenseman of recent years. Actually, the tooth-rattling bodycheck has become something of a rarity with the accent on fire-wagon hockey where teams "gamble" by throwing three (often with a fourth trailing) players into a furious attempt to score. This often leaves the attackers wide open for a breakaway when the puck changes possession suddenly.

Defensemen facing these fire-wagon hockey attacks have largely abandoned the bodycheck tactic in favor of just blocking. The reason is simply this: if a defenseman throws all he has into a bodycheck, he takes himself out of the play. If he nails his target with the puck it's worthwhile, but if the target manages to pass off the puck just before being hit you see

what happens. The defenseman isn't defending while other attackers are piling in on his goal. It's safer just to block, retaining mobility to shift with the puck if necessary.

However, the very few defensemen in the National Hockey League today with the skill—and the nerve—to throw bashing bodychecks are highly respected by the coaches of both sides.

The bodycheck remains a legal and effective tactic of hockey. With players moving up to 30 MPH, a really solid check delivered early in the game can reduce an opposing star to the category of ordinary player for the rest of the game. It's no reflection on the courage of the star. He is usually left shaken and distracted. As often as not, he subconsciously "looks" for the bodychecker from that moment instead of concentrating on the puck and the game.

That's why, in early 1966, general manager-coach Sid Abel of the Red Wings, hurt by the loss of two veteran defensemen (Doug Barkley through an eye injury and Bill Gadsby through retirement) gave up three players for the thirty-four-year-old Boivin.

"I expect him to be our 'policeman' out on the ice," Abel told a press-radio-television audience.

The same thinking prompted hockey-wise George (Red) Sullivan, ex-coach of the New York Rangers, to grab eagerly for Boivin at the first draft meeting of the newly expanded National Hockey League in June 1967. All the "old" clubs, including Detroit, had to give up several established players to the "new" clubs in the historic draft; and Sullivan, now coach of the new Pittsburgh Penguins, knew that Boivin's experience would make up for a lot of inexperience around him.

The Penguins didn't shape up as a strong team, but the home fans in the new Civic Arena found a lot to cheer for in the hard-nosed playing of Leo Boivin. During that season he passed the 1,000-game mark in the NHL, but he still played

with the enthusiasm of his boyhood days when he was brought up to the big time at the age of nineteen.

It was a confusing start for Leo, who says, "For quite a while I had to look down at my sweater to see whether I was a Boston Bruin or a Toronto Maple Leaf."

The noted chief scout of the Bruins, Hal Cotton, began watching Boivin at the midget level in Prescott, Ontario, where Leo was born on August 2, 1932.

By the time Leo got to junior hockey with the Inkerman Rockets—35 miles from Prescott—Cotton was definitely interested and persuaded Boivin's father that his son had a real future in the game.

Leo shifted to the West End Bruins, a hustling Junior A caliber team in the Boston organization at Port Arthur, Ontario. After two seasons there he began a round of uniform changes in 1951–52, jumping from amateur hockey to two teams in pro ranks, one minor and the other NHL.

The minor pro team was Pittsburgh in the American Hockey League—the same city he would return to as a seasoned major leaguer seventeen seasons later.

He became a Toronto Maple Leaf in a multi-player deal which saw Bill Ezinicki go to Boston. The Leafs gave Leo a two-game trial and liked his aggressive style enough to make him a regular in 1952–53 when he played in all 70 games.

But the Bruins were never quite happy about losing their powerful rookie, or maybe they realized it was easier on their nerves to have Boivin with them rather than against them. After only 7 games had been played in the 1954–55 season, Leo found himself pulling off his blue Leaf sweater and pulling on a brown Bruin one, which was almost the same as the sweater he had worn with the West End Bruins among the juniors. That was his uniform for eleven seasons until he changed into the "fire-plug" garb in the Detroit dressing room.

"As long as I can remember," he says, "I seem to have enjoyed two things about hockey—bodychecking and skating. Even as a midget I got a thrill out of catching an opposing kid with his head down and feeling a solid thud as I hit. As I got better at bodychecking I got more attention and, since it attracted NHL scouting in the first place, there was no reason why I should have changed after turning pro."

However, as he mounted to major league level, it became more difficult to "catch" the more-skilled, cagier players.

"I find it hard to wait," he admits, "but if you go around aiming checks all night the element of surprise is gone. You have to nail an opponent when his weight is on the leg he's shooting from or if his head is down while he's looking at the puck. Then I follow the Bible."

"The Bible?"

Boivin's impish eyes light up when he explains, "You know, where it says it's more blessed to give than to receive."

Although he shrugs it off as "part of my trade," there has often been some doubt as to just who is the receiver in the furious moments of collision. His type of game lends itself to injury; the target's stick often comes up and Leo had lost count of the stitches this unforeseeable factor has cost him. Again, an upended target cannot always control those sharp skates flying through the air. And, aside from sticks and skates, there is the fact that the target is a muscled athlete encased in hard padding and traveling at high speeds.

Fractures of the feet and hands have been included in the injuries that represent part of the cost he's paid to play the way he does. He has been forced out of action for various periods through injuries in no less than thirteen seasons. Yet, after being shelved for no less than 37 of the 70 scheduled Bruin games in 1957–58, he was back in action for the play-

offs—all 12 games—including a harsh, 6-game final against what many class as the all-time greatest Canadiens team.

Leo's career with Detroit ended in the June draft of 1967 when the expansion Pittsburgh Penquins reached for his experience. In January of 1969, Minnesota traded for him and he played through the rest of that season and 1969-70 when Minnesota converted him to a scout—using the vast experience of more than 1,200 games as an NHL defenseman to look for those hardnosed qualities that drew other scouts' attention to him as a youth.

He has three sons, ranging in age from 17 to 13. Looking back, Leo laughs at the difficulty they had adjusting their loyalty as their father changed his loyalty to five different NHL teams:

"They used to ask me what I thought of friends and teammates of yesterday who had suddenly become foes today."

Leo's answer to his boys is the answer for many fans who wonder how the fury of the bodychecking in hockey can possibly leave opponents normal in meeting one another off the ice.

"My explanation was really quite simple," he went on. "Any player not wearing the same sweater was trying to deprive me and my family of income; the higher your team finishes in the league the more you make, not to mention the possibility of extra earnings in special awards and playoffs. So friendships of the past end when a game starts. There was never anything personal in my bodychecking; I simply figured any guy who wore a sweater different from mine deserved to be upended."

"KING" CLANCY

A One-Man Hockey Team

If this sounds stranger than fiction, so be it.

It happened on the night of March 31, 1923, in Vancouver, British Columbia. Francis Michael Clancy, who, at the start of the previous season, had been tagged "a fresh kid, much too small to ever make the National Hockey League," not only starred as the famed Ottawa Senators won the Stanley Cup but actually played every position on the team, including that of goalkeeper, in the tense, stiff-checking, 1 to 0 final.

The incredible story began at Senators' training camp for the 1921–22 season. The team, one of the four original founders of the NHL, faded away in 1934, but at the time young Clancy showed up for a tryout the Senators were a powerhouse, winners of two Stanley Cups in the previous three seasons. The lineup read like a Who's Who of hockey; no less than nine members of the team were later named to the Hockey Hall of Fame.

The kid was eighteen years old. He stood 5-feet, 7-inches tall. He weighed only 127 pounds. What position did he play?

"Defense, sir," he told manager Tommy Gorman.

Gorman laughed outright. "And for whom?"

"St. Brigid's School, sir."

The seasoned pros within hearing range had stopped dressing and were gazing with amused interest at the scene as

Gorman asked, "And what in the world makes you think you could make it with a team like this?"

With a dead-pan expression, the kid replied, "Because my father says he'll lick heck out of me if I don't."

By now the whole dressing room was convulsed. Finally Gorman asked, "Who is your father?"

"King Clancy, sir."

The laughter halted abruptly. Big Tom Clancy, who had picked up the nickname "King," was quite a football celebrity in Ottawa, with a reputation for toughness and spirit that had always awed the sporting city. Gorman suddenly realized why the kid's flashing eyes had seemed somehow familiar.

The idea was ridiculous, but in deference to the father, Gorman thought he'd at least let the kid have a "visit."

"Put on your outfit, son, and have a workout with the team," he said, "but don't get hurt."

Young Clancy was so excited he could hardly lace on his skates. But once he skated out onto the ice the puny kid changed into a rushing wildcat. He was back for the next practice, unasked. The next day was the same, and Gorman realized there was something electric about the boy's spirit. "The idea dawned on me," Gorman later recalled, "that he might be good to keep around for the fun of it, because the older players had to really move to catch him or get away from him. On the bench, he was a real holler guy."

So was born a legend of the big time. Clancy was destined to take over his father's nickname and eventually win a place for himself in the Hockey Hall of Fame. Today, a half-century later, King Clancy is still an active and excitingly popular figure in the National Hockey League as vice-president of the Toronto Maple Leafs. The decades of stress and strain, excitement, and travel seem to have kept him

young, as young as he was that unbelievable night in Vancouver.

Gorman was thought to have lost his mind when he decided to offer the kid a "substitution player" contract. It called for a mere $60 dollars for the season—then a 24-game schedule—but there was joy unconfined in the heart of young Clancy. His father, proud and more than a mite amazed over the achievement of his 127-pound son, couldn't resist signing the contract for the boy who was underage.

By now he was jokingly called "King" Clancy but, for most of that first season and well into the second, he saw most of his hockey action in practices. On the bench he was noisier than any fan in the rink—a wonderful kid to have around with a "whole bunch of adopted fathers in the form of the game's greatest players" keeping an eye on him. Not that he required much "looking after." Young Clancy's life was devoted to hockey. If he stayed up late while others were celebrating, it was only because the talk was hockey talk.

At that time the Stanley Cup was strictly a Canadian possession with the best of the East meeting the best of the West. In Clancy's second season, 1922-23, Vancouver was the appointed site for the finals. The playoff structure of the day called for Senators to first polish off the Vancouver team, champions of the Pacific Coast Hockey League, which they did. Then they met Edmonton Eskimos, champs of the Western Canada Hockey League, in the 2-game, total-goals final series.

Senators squeezed through the first game with a 2 to 1 win and found themselves fighting for their lives in the second game as a succession of injuries hit them. This was the stage setting for King Clancy's storybook performance.

The two regular defense stars, Eddie Gerard and Buck Boucher, were hurt in turn. Gorman sent Clancy in both

times, and Clancy waved his fury. When he was knocked to the ice he'd bounce right back up.

In the second period, Frank Nighbor, still classed by many as the greatest center ever seen in major league hockey, had the wind knocked out of him and returned, panting, to the bench. Coach Newsy Lalonde ordered Clancy over the boards with what now appears to be an historic command: "Don't wait for Jiko Simpson, Dodo Kearns, and Cracker Morrison to get their passing attack organized. Stop them before they get started."

The word, foreshadowing, hadn't been invented yet, but it now appears that King Clancy provided Vancouver with one of the first really great exhibitions of bodychecking. Frank Nighbor recovered his wind and his knees had ceased trembling. Clancy held the opposing team in their own half of the ice.

When Cy Denneny came off left wing for minutes, Clancy relieved. Then to right wing to relieve the exhausted Punch Broadbent. But the most unbelievable moment came when Ottawa's famous goaltender, Clint Benedict, drew a minor penalty. In those days a goalie had to sit out his penalty in the box so Clancy went between the posts—carrying Clint's big stick but without pads.

The rest of the Senators fought to defend the net and checked like mad. Edmonton began firing long shots, but for the long two minutes, Clancy didn't have a dangerous shot to handle. Toward the end of the penalty he raced out of the net to trap a puck on the boards and, forgetting about the big stick, automatically raced down ice with the puck.

He actually got away a shot of sorts on goalie Hal Winkler in the Edmonton net as the crowd stood to give the astonishing kid a stirring ovation. Senators won the game, 1 to 0, but Vancouver talked only about Clancy. There had never been

and never will be anything to match it in Stanley Cup play because of the generous array of subs with modern teams, including a second goaler (as well as the rule allowing another player to serve a goaler's minor penalty).

King helped the Senators to one more Stanley Cup in 1927 before being traded to Toronto Maple Leafs in 1930 for the then-unheard-of amount of 35,000 dollars plus two players. It was the Depression Era. The Senators needed money badly, and Toronto needed Clancy's youthful fire to convert a good team to the best team. And that he did. In 1932 the Leafs won their first Stanley Cup.

Clancy played with Leafs for four years and was named to NHL All-Star teams every year. He retired in 1936–37.

He turned to coaching with the now-defunct Montreal Maroons but got into a disagreement with the management after only two months. Then, to his surprise, the late Frank Calder, then president of the NHL, asked him to referee a game in New York.

"I suppose Mr. Calder figured I knew a lot about the rule book after having spent so much time sitting and thinking in the penalty boxes," commented Clancy. The old-timers in the press boxes still recall a Senators' game in which King drew seven penalties in a single period and three majors in the game as well. His career total was sixteen hours in the sin-bins.

And, wouldn't you know it, the New York game was a storm? But the rookie ref kept things under control, handing out twenty-one penalties. The game also started a distinguished eleven-season refereeing career for Clancy.

In 1950 the urge to coach returned, and he left his referee's whistle to take over Cincinnati in the American Hockey League. In 1951 he shifted to Pittsburgh, coaching the Hornets to the AHL title. The Toronto Leafs brought him up again, this time as coach for three seasons. Since 1955–56 he

has been a "trouble-shooter" for the Leafs. When Red Kelly refused to go to Toronto from Detroit, Clancy ironed out things. When Punch Imlach is away he takes over. He holds the formal title of assistant manager-coach but to the writers and broadcasters around the league, King hasn't changed a bit since he was described at peak playing weight as "150 pounds of muscle and conversation."

Noted for starting fights he couldn't finish, Clancy still brags shamelessly about being the only man ever to win a decision over the toughest defenseman of the game, Eddie Shore of the Boston Bruins.

Actually, what happened was that Clancy socked Shore with a skull-rattling uppercut one night in Boston, as Shore was getting to his feet, then skated speedily away from the scene of the crime. At that time nobody in the league could catch up with King.

At the funeral of ex-Leaf immortal Charlie Conacher in late 1967, mourners recalled a turbulent night at Maple Leaf Gardens during which Charlie pulled Clancy from beneath struggling melees and placed him on top three times.

It seems a lifetime since the puny, 127-pound kid with flashing eyes walked into the life of the Ottawa Senators and the NHL, and in point of fact, it has been. When he leaves the scene there is a chance that the evergreen Clancy name will live on in professional hockey drama.

Terrance John (Terry) Clancy, son of King, came up through St. Michael's College Juniors in Toronto and Canada's national team (1964 Olympics at Innsbruck, Austria) to turn pro with Rochester of the American Hockey League in 1964–65. The Oakland Seals drafted the handsome, 5-foot 11-inch, 185-pounder for 1967–68 but sent him down to Vancouver Canucks (then of the Western Hockey League) for more grooming. He played 46 games there and 14 with Buf-

falo of the American Hockey League. In 1968-69, he played two games with the Maple Leafs and 47 with Tulsa of the Central Hockey League. In 1969-70, he totalled 52 games with Maple Leafs. His 1970-71 season was divided between Montreal of the AHL and Phoenix of the WHL.

With all this shifting of son Terry and accompanying increase in pro experience, an uncomfortable possibility loomed at Maple Leaf Gardens. A Toronto newsman, recalling King Clancy's frequent pinch-hitting appearances behind the Leafs' bench as fill-in coach, asked King what he'd do if he happened to be coaching Leafs some wintry night and found himself facing the problem of stopping son Terry?

"Terry has always been a good boy," replied King. "I'm sure he wouldn't want to make life harder for his dear old dad."

BILL GADSBY

Polio, U-boats, Pucks

Some people seem to veer toward dangerous living. From the moment that Bill Gadsby left junior hockey in Edmonton to enter professional hockey barely one month after his nineteenth birthday, he faced dangerous times including polio and pucks. But long before that, at the age of 12, there were U-boats and a brush with death in the wartime Atlantic of 1939.

As we recall Gadsby during his 20-season National Hockey League career on the defenses of Chicago Black Hawks, New York Rangers and Detroit Red Wings, the image is one of fearless blocking—not only in terms of teeth-rattling bodychecking but mainly as the player who developed the hazardous art of going down directly in front of a shooter to stop frozen pucks that have just been blasted.

I once kidded him with: "That's a scary way to earn a living, isn't it?"

"Yes, I have to admit being scared a lot of times when I've misjudged going down and sensed a blur of black coming at my face," he agreed, "but my first scare as a kid was the worst—making anything later seem minor."

It was the night of September 3, 1939. Young Bill had spent the summer on a trip with his mother to see her folks at Southgate, Lancashire, and they had sailed for home on the *Athenia*, last regular steamship to sail from England for Canada after the outbreak of World War II.

Shortly after midnight and only a few hours out of Liverpool, the German U-boats hit. The first torpedo knocked Bill and his mother out of their berths. She hurriedly threw some clothes on Bill and together they rushed to their lifeboat station.

"It was raining and cold," he recalls, "and I shivered in terror all night in that lifeboat bobbing on the Atlantic swell, wondering if a U-boat would surface and shell us. It was dawn before a freighter picked us up and we were returned to Scotland—leaving the Atlantic crossing still ahead of us. We eventually got back on the *Mauretania* into New York."

While he was born in Calgary, Bill was brought up in Edmonton, and that's where he drew the attention of Chicago Hawks' scouts as a star of the junior Edmonton Canadians. He turned pro for the 1946-47 season and was sent down to Kansas City of the United States Hockey League but, after only a dozen games and a couple of months after his nineteenth birthday, Chicago called him up—and he stayed up in the NHL for twenty years.

His second big scare came in the summer of 1952.

Gadsby married Edna Anfindsen on June 16 (they are now parents of four daughters. "But," says Bill, "what's the matter in having grandsons as hockey prospects?"). They had a grand summer in Edmonton. Came time for training camp at Pembroke, Ont., and Bill boarded the plane with a raging headache. In Pembroke he called a doctor who was aware of polio in Western Canada that summer; the doctor promptly called an ambulance and rushed Gadsby the 125 miles to hospital in Ottawa. The diagnosis: polio. He was placed in isolation, spent 12 days in isolation. The Salk vaccine hadn't yet been developed but the tough Gadsby physique threw the disease off. At the Chicago camp, Coach Sid Abel had kept the polio angle a secret that didn't become public until long

afterwards. When Gadsby wobbled back, 12 pounds lighter, Abel loudly complimented him on "reducing" and let it go at that—the two called it "The Great Conspiracy."

Gritting his teeth, Gadsby dug into training to make up for lost time. The rag-tag Hawks had finished out of the playoff for six straight seasons; largely fired by the determined Gadsby, they made it all the way to the semi-finals in 1952-53. Gadsby was voted to the Second All-Stars; one of the seven All-Star elections he received during his career.

In 1965-66, after 1,248 regular and 67 playoff games, Bill decided to call it quits and returned to coaching junior hockey in Edmonton. In 1968, Sid Abel, now general manager of Detroit Red Wings, phoned: "We ended in last place last season, Bill, will you join me as coach to lift us out of the (censored) cellar?"

Bill wasn't exactly a stranger to coaching; as a Detroit player he had often subbed for Abel behind the bench on a half dozen occasions and never lost. One of those nights saw him leave hospital for the game and return next morning for knee surgery.

Gadsby hoisted Detroit out of the cellar—from sixth to fifth place. The next season he shared part of the credit for a third-place finish but a personality clash with Bruce Norris, owner, was blamed for his returning to Edmonton where he tells kids:

"There are lots of 'nice' games to play but, make no mistake about it, hockey is he-man. Like in football, where coaches preach, 'the harder you hit the less chance there is of being hurt,' hockey doesn't give full enjoyment to players who play it cautiously. Get into top shape and go all out. If you have the physique to bodycheck along the way, do so—it's a legal part of the great game—but real fun starts with conditioning that leaves you feeling no opponent can

stop you, that you can stop the toughest superstar."

Certainly Bill Gadsby should know what he's talking about. He hung up his sweater for the last time as a player at the age of 39; exactly half of his lifetime had been spent in the rugged realm of the National Hockey League.

YOUNG GOALERS

Two Boys, Four Titles for Detroit

Can you imagine yourself as a well-padded goaler in a National Hockey League reaching and sprawling your way through the full sixty minutes without letting a single shot pass you? Even those 100 MPH slapshots don't get by.

Of course you can imagine it. But wouldn't it be ridiculous to expect any daydream to picture you blanking NHL opposing teams in 115 games?

Too much for a daydream, perhaps, but one goaler has actually done it. The late Terry Sawchuk set the all-time record in twenty-one seasons.

When the Los Angeles Kings, one of the six new teams in the expanded NHL for 1967–68, drew Number 1 draft choice (each of the six old teams had to put up players for drafting by the new) it's significant that they immediately reached for Sawchuk, then the property of the world-champion Toronto Maple Leafs.

Most observers at the historic June draft meeting in Montreal thought the Kings had pulled a blooper in passing over a breath-taking array of famous players to place prime importance on a thirty-seven-year-old veteran of seventeen seasons with the Leafs, Detroit Red Wings, and Boston Bruins. But multimillionaire owner Jack Kent Cooke explained his move this way, "Terry's unmatched record of shutouts meant more to me than getting seasoned experience in the most important

position in modern hockey—namely, between the goal posts. It meant we would have expert instruction for rookie goalers, and rookie goalers we will all need with the demand doubled in that highly specialized trade."

Cooke's selection paid off dramatically and promptly.

The Kings, almost everybody's choice to end last in the new division, proved to be the upset club of the new division in the first season of NHL expansion, ending in second position, only one point behind the league-leading Philadelphia Flyers. A key reason was the work of a hitherto unheard-of goalie from Omaha, Wayne Rutledge, who gave full credit to Sawchuk for coaching him. Rutledge played in 45 games and Sawchuk in 36. Frequently they relieved one another in the same game.

To new fans in the exciting world of hockey's big league, all this indicated there is more to the goaler's role than "either you get in the way of the puck or you don't." Certainly Sawchuk had proved there's more than mere luck involved long before he became a Los Angeles King, during an eye-popping, five-season span from 1950–51 through 1954–55.

In 337 regular schedule games Terry played within that span, he faced 10,000 shots fired by hockey's top sharpshooters and allowed an average of less than two goals per game!

When you bear in mind the speed of the frozen pucks (frozen before games to prevent them from rolling on edge on the ice) and the number of shots that are either "screened" from his view by other players or deflected off other players' bodies or sticks, the feat of allowing less than two goals a game must reflect skill rather than luck. What's more, in 56 games during that period he held opposing teams scoreless.

Yet when this same Terrance Gordon Sawchuk was made a professional at the age of seventeen by the Detroit Red Wings

—unbelievable as it now seems—he couldn't get the job between the Detroit posts because another goalie in his teens was already there and too good to be removed.

He was Harry Lumley, turned pro at sixteen by the Red Wings. At seventeen, he became the youngest goalie ever to appear in NHL action. He repaid Detroit's confidence by starring as they won the 1950 world championship, and twice he was voted (by press, radio, and television) to the Number 1 All-Star team.

Of course, if that happened today, both Lumley and Sawchuk would be with Detroit. But that was before the two-goaler rule (each team must have two goalers in uniform at every game) came into force. It was then considered a waste to keep an NHL-caliber goalie sitting on the bench, but the tempo has so increased and injuries have become so frequent (in 1966–67 and 1967–68 not a single goalie went all the way) that the new rule had to be introduced.

Young Sawchuk, in accordance with the custom of the time, designed to prevent likely rookies from getting "rusty," was sent down to the minors to wait for an opportunity.

It proved to be one of the most memorable "waits" ever. In two successive seasons in the two top minor pro leagues of the era, he won the rookie of the year awards.

Then, when his sheer ability pushed "Lum" aside, Sawchuk won the rookie award in the NHL as well. He helped Detroit win three world titles and was three times voted the All-Star top goalie.

It wasn't easy going by any means for Terry. Before he began wearing a mask he accumulated a total of 400 stitches in his face alone as well as almost losing the sight of one eye when the eyeball was nicked by a skate. He had major surgery on his back and, at one stage, was near nervous collapse.

The NHL has always held the belief that "goalkeepers mature late" but Lumley and Sawchuk proved the statement is open to debate.

The reason for the late-maturity theory has simply been the result of so few jobs being available at the top. Coaches preferred to choose men with experience, rather than gamble on youth. While coaches are patient about mistakes by young defensemen or forwards, the flashing red light behind the goaler causes annoyance. Young goalers have to be good right away.

Happily, the expansion era has changed things.

Today's enlarged market means there must be two dozen goalers in uniform in the NHL. With injury and sickness as constant threats, NHL clubs must have at least twelve more within call. Actually, a total of thirty or more goalers now play in one or more games—in the league's scheduled 444 games.

The manpower shortage caused by World War II was perhaps the key reason for Detroit's making Lumley a pro at the tender age of sixteen.

He had taken up goaling by accident in his hometown Owen Sound, Ontario. A Pee Wee team needed a goaler; Lumley filled in and never left the nets. By fourteen he was the star of an intermediate-title team and was speedily picked up by the Barrie Colts (a junior team in the Detroit system at Barrie, Ontario).

Detroit sent him to the Indianapolis Capitals team in the American Hockey League for grooming; that was in the start of the 1943–44 season, and he wouldn't be seventeen until November 11. He was a spectacular oddity among the pros, an apple-cheeked boy in appearance. He kept the boyish look as a 6-foot, 1-inch man weighing 200 pounds. It must have

fooled some opponents into thinking they could awe him with rough tactics, but they invariably got it back with a fist or stick. In one season "Lum" drew three penalties. He was a bitter competitor who tongue-lashed his mates when they got careless.

He did well immediately with Indianapolis. In 52 games he had a 2.84 goals-against average. But in a 2-game fill-in stint with Detroit—his NHL debut—he let 13 pucks pass him.

Back to Indianapolis he went for 1944–45, but after 21 games, he was again called up to the big time—this time to stay. In 1949–50 he was a star as Detroit went all the way to the world championship.

Four seasons later, with Toronto Maple Leafs in 1953–54, Harry Lumley dazzled the hockey world with a 69-game average of only 1.85 goals against. His feat included 13 shutouts. He retired after the 1960–61 season with an average of 2.75 in 803 regular games and 2.62 in 76 playoff games.

It was Lumley who held up the rise of Sawchuk. If ever a young goaler proved his right to an NHL job it was Sawchuk but Detroit couldn't remove their red-hot Lumley.

Detroit, encouraged by their experience with young Lumley, turned Sawchuk pro at seventeen. He had starred with their junior Spitfires at Windsor, Ontario, and Detroit sent him to Omaha in the United States Hockey League.

He won the USHL rookie of the year award.

The next season, 1948–49, Detroit moved him up the minor pro ladder to Indianapolis and he promptly won the AHL rookie of the year award.

In 1949–50 he had a 7-game fling at the NHL. His 2.28 average, including one shutout, convinced Detroit it was time to keep him up. Lumley was traded to the Chicago Black Hawks and Sawchuk was given the number 1 job for 1950–51.

He won the NHL rookie of the year award. Those three pro rookie awards in three different leagues proved Terry Sawchuk had been "ready" for a long time.

There is no doubt that great goalers are a breed apart.

They are born, not made. After he has learned the basics and perhaps a few tricks, you can't coach a good goaler to greatness, as may sometimes be done with players of the defense and forward positions.

You may improve some goalers by ordering them to stay up more and sprawl less; to "mind the store" by staying within the crease instead of making exciting but impractical dashes out to meet the puck. In the NHL one can't take one's eye off the puck as the wandering goalie must. The split second he takes to locate the puck again may find him off balance to block a sudden blur of black rubber as the puck speeds toward the net.

But those are really details of technique.

You can't coach courage into a goaler. Sawchuk has had 400 stitches for face cuts alone. You can't coach into a player the catlike reflexes needed to get in the way of those 100 MPH shots. Most of all, you can't coach into a young goaler the extraordinary eyesight his tasks demand.

Dr. John Tansey, O.D., a prominent Montreal optometrist who has studied many outstanding football, hockey, and baseball stars, describes a goaler's eyesight this way, "Invariably you will find major league goalkeepers have exceptional peripheral vision which means a wider angle of vision—akin to a wide-angle lens in a camera. But a point is usually ignored in discussing goaling vision and it's this: peripheral vision of itself isn't enough. Unless a man has highly developed mental alertness the wider vision won't help. To be a great goaler one has to have a sharp brain to convey lightning orders to the

body. All in all, a major league goaler has to be an extraordinary athlete."

The job calls for quick brain as well as quick brawn, brawn to tote 32 pounds of gear through a game in which he often takes severe physical punishment in violent pileups comparable to football line play with flying skates and sticks added.

In November, 1967, I visited Terry Sawchuk at the new winter home he shared with his wife, Pat, and seven children at Hermosa Beach, California. It seemed strange; he had just returned from a hockey practice with the Kings in the vast expanse of the 454 square miles that is Los Angeles. From the southwest a refreshing Pacific breeze eased the 80-degree heat on the beach. He had dunked in the pounding surf with his eldest son, fourteen-year-old Gerry, and he told me when we were alone, "That boy is going to be a good goaler. I first saw him play at hockey school this summer and was surprised. Many people had told me was good but I sort of suspected they were trying to please me."

Terry's new situation at the age of thirty-eight, twenty years after his professional debut involved a two-year contract reported to call for 80,000 dollars.

"This," said Terry with a wave of a hand that covered the Pacific Ocean, his rented home on the Strand at the beach's edge, and his grand family, "sure beats retirement."

Mrs. Sawchuk seemed a bit uncertain, smiling wryly. "Maybe a wife remembers too many things, like those afternoons on the days of games while you were suffering with those ruptured discs in your back. . . ."

She looked at me for a moment before continuing, "When it came time to waken him I often had to help him out of bed and, later, into the car for the trip to the rink. Then he'd take

a pain-killer pill, timing it so he would unstiffen by the time the buzzer sounded to skate out onto the ice. I gave up pleading with him to retire when I realized how much hockey meant to him. He suffered for seven years for fear some doctor would order him to quit."

Through those seven seasons (five with Detroit, two with Toronto) men of the press considered him "a moody guy." Through more than 300 NHL games he was in agony because of those ruptured discs in his lower back. Pain-killer pills helped somewhat during the excitement of a game but not during the long night that followed at home or while traveling when he recalls he never slept more than two hours at a time.

Finally, he had to face surgery; his left side was becoming paralyzed at times, and he couldn't move his head. On June 28, 1966, he gambled with his career on the operating table. On September 10, he was back on skates at the Toronto Maple Leafs' training camp and, although I heard doctors predict he wouldn't last, Terry went on through 1966–67 to emerge an outstanding star as the Leafs won the world's championship.

Then the door opened to a new career with the Kings.

The Los Angeles sports writers, some of the best in the business, quickly found watching him an exciting experience in what was, for many of them, a new sport.

"Yes, tension on a goaler is harsher than for any other player," Terry admitted to one columnist, "because other players can make mistakes that are often wiped out by a mate's move and promptly forgotten. But one mistake by a goaler can mean a goal and one goal means a lot of hockey. What's more, his mistake is immediately apparent to everybody in the rink as well as to thousands of pairs of eyes watching television."

What owner Cooke had hoped for when Sawchuk began

coaching rookie goalers happened sooner than expected. Early in the season Sawchuk hurt his elbow and Wayne Rutledge took his place.

Rutledge, twenty-five years old, was an overnight sensation but he told the interviewers, "Give Terry the credit for a lot of those pucks I've been stopping out there."

Up until then, Wayne Rutledge had been noted mainly for his daring in wearing contact lenses and no mask while facing those whizzing pucks. In all fairness, he had compiled a fine record by winning the goalkeeping award in the Central Professional Hockey League while with Minnesota in 1966 and again in 1967 while with Omaha. Then, seemingly without effort, he had developed NHL class.

I asked Sawchuk exactly what had Wayne been talking about when he so generously suggested giving "credit" to him. Sawchuk replied that "the biggest thing we worked on was Wayne's trouble with long shots."

It's not widely known outside the ultraselect circle of major league goalers that the long shot is a shocking and often demoralizing experience to the NHL rookie net minder. The rookie who treats a shot from center ice lightly often sees the "harmless" rubber go by for perhaps a key goal; the fans boo and the coach orders a plane ticket back to the minors. Long shots in the major league are faster and "heavier" than in the minors. The solution is "bearing down"—concentrating—all the time, even when the puck is way down the ice. Sawchuk cured Rutledge of long-shot trouble by bugging him with, "Stay ready!"

Sawchuk added, "Again, he was going down too much; an up-and-down goaler tires himself out. Besides, a stand-up goalie has a better chance of stopping the first rebound shot. Then, too, there's the matter of body angle. Often a little turn means a lot of being ready for a shot from a bad angle.

"We've talked for hours about opposing shooters and their pet tricks. Some have two, the superstars may have five. Wayne is lucky in that he hasn't got Rocket Richard to face although he still has Gordie Howe to fret over—they rate in a five-plus category. I'd rather face Bobby Hull any time than either of that pair.

"Modern goalies should be big guys and Wayne has size (6-feet-2-inches, 210 pounds). He also has desire. I've tried to impress my own philosophy—don't let a 10 to 1 beating upset you because you'll get another chance at 'em."

As Sawchuk talked, I recalled a conversation I once had with another great goaler, Jacques Plante (now with Toronto Maple Leafs), who had won the top goaling award (Vezina Trophy) six times with Montreal Canadiens and would co-win it again with Glenn Hall in St. Louis.

"Sawchuk is the greatest goaler I have ever seen," said Plante, "because even when he missed, you could see he had been thinking and got out-guessed. It's amazing how many goalers get up to the NHL playing 'by ear.' They simply try to get in the way of shots and stop a percentage of them. But to be a top goalie you have to 'think' your way against a variety of shooters, learn how to play angles and thus stop more shots than the journeyman goalie. The time will come when every NHL club will have a specialist coach for goalers and, believe me, only a very few would qualify. Just having been 'up' in the NHL at one time doesn't qualify a man because many were up who didn't really learn the very fine techniques of major goaling. Using skiing as a comparison, a coach may be good enough to guide a skier to a national championship, but the skier may need a proven instructor to guide him up the remaining steps to world-championship class."

As the first expansion season of the NHL ended with the Los Angeles Kings in the playoffs, the playoff-hardened Saw-

chuk was named as starting goaler in the quarter-finals against the Minnesota North Stars.

In the opening game Minnesota poured rubber at him; he stopped 30 of 31 shots as the Kings won, 2 to 1.

In the second game, he was the same Sawchuk who began playing professional hockey two decades before, racking up his 12th shutout in 97 Stanley Cup playoff games as the Kings won, 2 to 0.

The North Stars recovered to edge the Kings out of the series, but Los Angeles fans were limp after the excitement. In veteran Terrance Gordon Sawchuk they had seen a replay of the drama he had injected into games as a rookie.

In 1968, a sports drama came full circle as Detroit, badly needing a back-up goalie with experience, traded to bring home the player they had made a pro 21 years ago. Terry was again a Red Wing and worked 10 2-3 games allowing only 28 goals against. New York Rangers traded for him and Terry made his final move—to Manhattan for 1969-70 to wrap up a career that totaled 57,205 minutes between NHL goal posts. During the summer that followed—on May 31, 1970—the sports world was saddened by his death following an injury suffered in what was described as roughhousing with a teammate.

But something distinctly Sawchuk had happened during the last regular season when he appeared in only seven Ranger games; one of the seven was a shutout. Combined with 12 playoff shutouts, it left an epitaph of 114 NHL shutouts for generations of rookie goalies to read with awe.

THE NEW BREED

As Good? Fret Not

It seems to be a common beef these days—that they don't make or do things as good as they used to. The "they" is frequently applied to the new breed of hockey talent, but pause to ponder a bit with me, please.

This book on Young Hockey Champions started out with the purpose of aligning a team of teenage talent—good enough to play in the NHL while still in their teens. Good enough to achieve stardom. That has been done in the preceding pages, but now we enter the field of educated guessing when looking for tomorrow's champs among the new breed.

I say "educated" because the Amateur Draft section of the annual NHL June Draft Meetings is no haphazard, picking-names-out-of-a-hat affair. The 1971 session in Montreal saw 117 juniors drafted by the 14 NHL clubs—The *Montreal Star*'s George Hanson described the draft as "much more extensive and calculated than the placement service at universities."

Scouts have spent thousands of hours and written hundreds of pages on the amateurs so that the meeting found the 117 practically graded from everybody's No. 1, right winger Guy Lafleur of the Quebec Remparts, down to whoever was No. 117. Besides that, they cost the NHL pickers plenty.

Just naming the 117 entailed a fee of $3,000 apiece payable to the Canadian Amateur Hockey Association—whether

or not the junior ever turns pro. There's $351,000 spent already. When a draftee signs a pro contract another $3,000 goes to the C.A.H.A. An additional $4,000 is given if the youngster plays 25 or more games in the NHL schedule and playoffs. A draftee who goes all the way thus costs his NHL club $10,000—exclusive of whatever salary he signs for.

Looking back at the 1970 amateur draft, 115 juniors were officially selected and 59 of them turned pro. A total of 11 fulfilled all the requirements to earn the C.A.H.A. $110,000.

That's what I mean by "educated" guesses; there just have to be a number of gems in the sparkling selections made by the keenest hockey scouts in the world. And many of them are still in their teens and will be playing in the NHL while still in their teens.

Somebody is bound to ask at this point: But how about the new rule restricting the NHL to 20-year-olds and over?

Actually the new rule is not quite so restrictive. True, the NHL can only draft juniors who will reach their twentieth birthdays between January 1 and December 31 of the year in which they are drafted. Since the annual draft meeting is held halfway through the year, in June, and some draftees have birthdays late in the year, it is almost certain that each new season will find one or more talented teenagers in NHL uniforms. For instance:

The Buffalo Sabres' spectacular Gil Perreault (38 goals, 34 assists), runaway choice for the 1971 Calder (rookie of the year) Award, was only 19 when the season started. His birthday falls on Nov. 13. Guy Lafleur was 19 when drafted in 1971 by Canadiens; his birthday falls on September 20.

So the net effect of the new rule is that we won't be seeing any more 18-year-olds and not as many 19-year-olds in the NHL but we will continue to find teenagers there just the same. If you are critical of the rule because it would have

kept Bobby Orr out of the NHL for one year, your criticism is well founded, but how many Orrs will you see? For the good of the juniors as well as junior hockey, the rule is sound.

However, in trying to anticipate Young Hockey Champions of the future there has to be guessing—"educated" or not. I have no intention of rating any of the New Breed among the established stars of the preceding pages who made it from teenager, but one has to admit that at least two moderns are off to a roaring start.

Boston's Derek Sanderson was 19 when he played his first game for Bruins; by the end of the 1971 playoffs he had played in 291 Boston games, scored 112 goals and assisted on 113 others.

Both Derek and the even newer breed Gil Perreault have won the Calder Trophy which rates as reference of extraordinary promise—particularly since four Young Hockey Champions of the preceding pages began the same way. They were Bobby Orr, Frank Mahovlich, Boom Boom Geoffrion and Terry Sawchuk.

You may or may not like the hardnose type of hockey that Derek Sanderson plays, but the game isn't exactly made for weak stomachs—either on the ice or in the stands. Read his book, "I've Got To Be Me" (Dodd, Mead & Company, New York), and you will see what I mean by the admiring way he reports a before-game, dressing room lecture aimed at the rookies by Coach Harry Sinden while Bruins were nearing the 1970 Stanley Cup.

"If any of you kids want to do something out there," said Sinden, "if you want to fight or you want to hit, do it. You've got eighteen of the world's toughest hockey players on your side. You'll get backed up. Nobody's going to tear you apart in this building or any other building in this league."

Sanderson commented: "A message like that means a lot

to the kids on our team."

On the other hand, Perreault, six feet one and 180 pounds, comes from Beliveau's home town, Victoriaville, and has been raised in the elegant tradition of the Canadien immortal. While Sanderson's salty style amassed 130 minutes in penalties during 1970-71, rookie Perreault totaled only 19.

On the night of March 18, 1971, when Perreault broke the record for most goals by a rookie—erasing the 34 held jointly by three other players—he told Norm (Hockey Pictorial) Mackie:

"You get tired if you fight all the time. I am having enough trouble just adjusting to the NHL and learning English without fighting everyone in the league. I did go back at Bob Baun once, but he gave me no choice."

So there you have it, quite a contrast between the two Calder Trophy winners of the New Breed era, just as there always has been among NHL'ers of yesteryear.

As I write, Guy Lafleur has still to be tested in the heavy going of the Big Time, but this most publicized junior since Beliveau of two decades ago comes up with almost unbelievable credentials. Aside from the 130 goals and 79 assists (despite 135 minutes spent in the penalty boxes) scored with the junior Remparts of the Quebec Junior Hockey League, he has speed, playmaking skill, desire, poise and a pro-type shot. How can he miss?

There is one other who—and this is my personal opinion—will develop into full-fledged stardom although more slowly. He is six-foot-one, 195-pound Dale Tallon, who donned a Vancouver Canuck sweater at 19 for that team's 1970 debut in the NHL. Brought up from the junior Toronto Marlies where he had played center, left wing and defense at various stages, the Canucks decided to let him "mature" at defense. The classy rookie still did a lot of scoring, ending with 14

goals and 42 assists. One of his goals, scored at Madison Square Garden, left me pop-eyed in the Press Box.

Tallon and the puck were approaching the exact middle of a formidable Ranger defense, Brad Park and Arnie Brown. Both Rangers began sinking into a crouch to "sandwich" the onrushing Tallon.

There was an instant before the two were set and Tallon made a split-second play. He poked the puck by them and jumped sideways through the narrowing "sandwich." As he landed on one skate he recovered the puck. The great Ranger goalie, Ed Giacomin, came out to smother the play. Tallon "gave" him the puck and pulled it back, circled deftly and flipped the rubber into the net.

It was a dream play; rookie Tallon had completely foxed three experienced National Hockey Leaguers. The thought came to me: if he can do something like that once, he can do it again. And again. He is strictly a class guy for young players to study.

When the NHL expanded from six to twelve teams, many asked: "Where will the players come from?" It was repeated when the league expanded still further, to fourteen teams. But it has become evident that expansion has really opened the gate for a lot of young talent who might otherwise have been forced to wait in the wings—often in the wings on a "loaded" club's list until they wearied of waiting and dropped out.

Clarence S. Campbell, M.B.E., Q.C., president of the NHL since 1946, visualizes "a mass expansion in the future of the game because we do have the best show for the money in sport."

There no longer seems to be any fretting over where the

players will come from. This is the way he sees it. "The player reaction is fantastic; they are so dedicated to the game that the old-timers never seem to want to quit. As for the young players, the game has all the characteristics to attract red-blooded Canadian and American boys as well as those in northern Europe. From that latter group will come, in the fullness of time, a substantial playing representation."

Hockey has expanded to twenty countries in Europe. Over one million Russian boys are now playing. Since the game was introduced there in 1946, the growth of its organization has become a subject of awe. The *Pionerskaya Prava,* a children's newspaper, claims one hundred and fifty thousand youth teams are playing organized hockey. There are ten teams in Russia's top league from which players and coaches are taken for the National Team. There are twenty-two teams at the next level, each with their own youth category (eighteen- and nineteenth-year-olds), junior category (sixteen and seventeen), with bantam category (thirteen and fourteen). There are also said to be thousands of teams in schools, colleges, and factories.

In Czechoslovakia, the proportion of players to population is already higher than in Canada, the mother country of hockey. The game has even spread to Japan, Australia, and South Africa.

There will always be young hockey champions. Those of tomorrow could very well force the National Hockey League to change its name to the Global Hockey League.

EXPLANATION OF SYMBOLS USED

* Indicates led league or was tied for league leadership in total points, goals, assists or penalties. Lea — League. GP — Games played. G — Goals scored. A — Assists. TP — Total points. PIM — Penalties in minutes. GA — Goals against. SO — Shutouts. GAPG — Goals against per game average. (...) — Did not play.

LEAGUE ABBREVIATIONS USED

NHL — National Hockey League. AHL — American Hockey League. CAHL — Canadian American Hockey League. IAHL — International American Hockey League. IHL — International Hockey League. AHA — American Hockey Association. USHL — U.S. Hockey League. PCHL — Pacific Coast Hockey League. WHL — Western Hockey League. QSHL — Quebec Senior Hockey League. MMHL — Maritime Major Hockey League. QHL — Quebec Hockey League. EPHL — Eastern Professional Hockey League. CPHL — Central Professional Hockey League.

NHL Records and Statistics

(compiled by Ron Andrews, NHL Statistician)

Copyright National Hockey League

BELIVEAU, JEAN
Born, Three Rivers, Que., August 31, 1931.
Center. Shoots left. 6'3", 205 lbs.
Last amateur club: Quebec Aces (Srs.).

			Regular Schedule					Playoffs				
Season	Club	Lea	GP	G	A	TP	PIM	GP	G	A	TP	PIM
1950-51...	Montreal Canadiens	NHL	2	1	1	2	0	...	...	...	...	...
1952-53...	Montreal Canadiens	NHL	3	5	0	5	0	...	...	...	...	...
1953-54...	Montreal Canadiens	NHL	44	13	21	34	22	10	2	*8	10	4
1954-55...	Montreal Canadiens	NHL	70	37	36	73	58	12	6	7	13	18
1955-56abc	Montreal Canadiens	NHL	70	*47	41	*88	143	10	*12	7	*19	22
1956-57...	Montreal Canadiens	NHL	69	33	51	84	105	10	6	6	12	15
1957-58...	Montreal Canadiens	NHL	55	27	32	59	93	10	4	8	12	10
1958-59...	Montreal Canadiens	NHL	64	*45	46	91	67	3	1	4	5	4
1959-60...	Montreal Canadiens	NHL	60	34	40	74	57	8	5	2	7	6
1960-61...	Montreal Canadiens	NHL	69	32	*58	90	57	6	0	5	5	0
1961-62...	Montreal Canadiens	NHL	43	18	23	41	36	6	2	1	3	4
1962-63...	Montreal Canadiens	NHL	69	18	49	67	68	5	2	1	3	2
1963-64b..	Montreal Canadiens	NHL	68	28	50	78	42	5	2	0	2	18
1964-65d..	Montreal Canadiens	NHL	58	20	23	43	76	13	8	8	16	34
1965-66...	Montreal Canadiens	NHL	67	29	*48	77	50	10	5	5	10	6
1966-67...	Montreal Canadiens	NHL	53	12	26	38	22	10	6	5	11	*26
1967-68...	Montreal Canadiens	NHL	59	31	37	68	28	10	7	4	11	6
1968-69...	Montreal Canadiens	NHL	69	33	49	82	55	14	5	*10	15	8
1969-70...	Montreal Canadiens	NHL	63	19	30	49	10	...	...	...	...	...
1970-71...	Montreal Canadiens	NHL	70	25	51	76	40	20	6	*16	22	28
	NHL Totals		1125	507	712	1219	1029	162	79	97	176	211

a Won Art Ross Trophy.
b Won Hart Trophy.
c NHL record goals in Stanley Cup Playoffs held jointly with Maurice Richard.
d Won Conn Smythe Trophy.

BOIVIN, LEO JOSEPH
Born, Prescott, Ont., August 2, 1932.
Defense. Shoots left. 5'7", 190 lbs.
Last amateur club: Port Arthur West End Bruins (Jrs.).

			Regular Schedule					Playoffs				
on	Club	Lea	GP	G	A	TP	PIM	GP	G	A	TP	PIM
-52...	Pittsburgh	AHL	30	2	3	5	32	10	0	1	1	16
-52...	Toronto	NHL	2	0	1	1	0	...	...	...	...	...
-53...	Toronto	NHL	70	2	13	15	97	...	...	...	...	...
-54...	Toronto	NHL	58	1	6	7	81	5	0	0	0	2
-55...	Toronto	NHL	7	0	0	0	8	...	...	...	...	...
	Boston	NHL	59	6	11	17	105	5	0	1	1	4
-56...	Boston	NHL	68	4	16	20	80	...	...	...	...	...
-57...	Boston	NHL	55	2	8	10	55	10	2	3	5	12
-58...	Boston	NHL	33	0	4	4	54	12	0	3	3	*21
-59...	Boston	NHL	70	5	16	21	94	7	1	2	3	4
-60...	Boston	NHL	70	4	21	25	66	...	...	...	...	...
-61...	Boston	NHL	57	6	17	23	50	...	...	...	...	...
-62...	Boston	NHL	65	5	18	23	70	...	...	...	...	...
-63...	Boston	NHL	62	2	24	26	48	...	...	...	...	...
-64...	Boston	NHL	65	10	14	24	42	...	...	...	...	...
-65...	Boston	NHL	67	3	10	13	68	...	...	...	...	...
-66...	Boston	NHL	46	0	5	5	34	...	...	..	...	...
	Detroit	NHL	16	0	5	5	16	12	0	1	1	16
-67...	Detroit	NHL	69	4	17	21	78	...	...	...	...	...
-68...	Pittsburgh	NHL	73	9	13	22	74	...	...	...	...	...
-69...	Pittsburgh	NHL	41	5	13	18	26	...	...	...	...	...
	Minnesota	NHL	28	1	6	7	16	...	...	...	...	...
-70...	Minnesota	NHL	69	3	12	15	30	3	0	0	0	0
	NHL Totals		1150	72	250	322	1192	54	3	10	13	59

CLANCY, FRANCIS MICHAEL (KING)
Born, Ottawa, Ont., February 25, 1903
Defense. Shoots left. 5'7", Top weight: 150 lbs.
(NOTE: Total games played not available from early records.)

			Regular Schedule				Playoffs			
Season	Club	Lea	G	A	TP	PIM	G	A	TP	PI
1921-22...	Ottawa	NHL	4	5	9	19	...	...	...	...
1922-23...	Ottawa	NHL	3	1	4	20	1	0	1	0
1923-24...	Ottawa	NHL	9	8	17	18	0	0	0	4
1924-25...	Ottawa	NHL	14	5	19	61	...	...	...	...
1925-26...	Ottawa	NHL	8	4	12	80	1	0	1	0
1926-27...	Ottawa	NHL	9	10	19	78	1	1	2	1
1927-28...	Ottawa	NHL	8	7	15	73	...	...	...	...
1928-29...	Ottawa	NHL	13	2	15	89	...	...	...	...
1929-30...	Ottawa	NHL	17	23	40	83	0	1	1	2
1930-31...	Toronto	NHL	7	14	21	63	1	0	1	0
1931-32...	Toronto	NHL	10	9	19	61	2	1	3	14
1932-33...	Toronto	NHL	13	12	25	79	0	3	3	14
1933-34...	Toronto	NHL	11	17	28	62	...	...	...	...
1934-35...	Toronto	NHL	5	16	21	53	1	0	1	8
1935-36...	Toronto	NHL	5	10	15	61	2	2	4	10
1936-37...	Toronto	NHL	1	0	1	4	...	...	...	...
	NHL Totals		137	143	280	904	9	8	17	64

GADSBY, WILLIAM ALEXANDER
Born, Calgary, Alta., August 8, 1927
Defense. Shoots left. 6' - 185 lbs
Last amateur club: Edmonton Canadians (Jrs.).

			Regular Schedule					Playoffs				
Season	Club	Lea	GP	G	A	TP	PIM	GP	G	A	TP	P
1946-47 ...	Kansas City	USHL	12	2	3	5	8	...	...	...	...	...
1946-47 ...	Chicago	NHL	48	8	10	18	31	...	...	...	...	...
1947-48 ...	Chicago	NHL	60	6	10	16	66	...	...	...	...	...
1948-49 ...	Chicago	NHL	50	3	10	13	85	...	...	...	...	...
1949-50 ...	Chicago	NHL	70	10	24	34	138	...	...	...	...	...
1950-51 ...	Chicago	NHL	25	3	7	10	32	...	...	...	...	...
1951-52 ...	Chicago	NHL	59	7	15	22	87	...	...	...	...	...
1952-53 ...	Chicago	NHL	68	2	20	22	84	7	0	1	1	
1953-54 ...	Chicago	NHL	70	12	29	41	108	...	...	...	...	...
1954-55 ...	Chicago	NHL	18	3	6	9	19	...	...	...	...	...
	NY Rangers	NHL	52	8	7	15	42	...	...	...	...	...
1955-56 ...	NY Rangers	NHL	70	9	42	51	84	5	1	3	4	
1956-57 ...	NY Rangers	NHL	70	4	37	41	72	5	1	2	3	
1957-58 ...	NY Rangers	NHL	65	14	32	46	48	6	0	3	3	
1958-59 ...	NY Rangers	NHL	70	5	46	51	56	...	...	...	...	...
1959-60 ...	NY Rangers	NHL	65	9	22	31	60	...	...	...	...	...
1960-61 ...	NY Rangers	NHL	65	9	26	35	49	...	...	...	...	...
1961-62 ...	Detroit	NHL	70	7	30	37	88	...	...	...	...	...
1962-63 ...	Detroit	NHL	70	4	24	28	116	11	1	4	5	*3
1963-64 ...	Detroit	NHL	64	2	16	18	80	14	0	4	4	2
1964-65 ...	Detroit	NHL	61	0	12	12	122	7	0	3	3	
1965-66 ...	Detroit	NHL	58	5	12	17	72	12	1	3	4	1
	NHL Totals		1248	130	437	567	1539	67	4	23	27	9

GEOFFRION, BERNARD (BOOM BOOM)
Born, Montreal, Que., February 14, 1931.
Right wing. Shoots right. 5'9", 180 lbs.
Last amateur club: Montreal Nationals (Jrs.).

			Regular Schedule					Playoffs				
Sn	Club	Lea	GP	G	A	TP	PIM	GP	G	A	TP	PIM
-51...	Montreal Canadiens	NHL	18	8	6	14	9	11	1	1	2	6
52a..	Montreal Canadiens	NHL	67	30	24	54	66	11	3	1	4	6
-53...	Montreal Canadiens	NHL	65	22	17	39	37	12	6	4	10	12
-54...	Montreal Canadiens	NHL	54	29	25	54	87	11	*6	5	11	18
-55b..	Montreal Canadiens	NHL	70	*38	37	*75	57	12	8	5	13	8
-56...	Montreal Canadiens	NHL	59	29	33	62	66	10	5	9	14	6
-57...	Montreal Canadiens	NHL	41	19	21	40	18	10	*11	7	*18	2
-58...	Montreal Canadiens	NHL	42	27	23	50	51	10	6	5	11	2
-59...	Montreal Canadiens	NHL	59	22	44	66	30	11	5	8	13	10
-60...	Montreal Canadiens	NHL	59	30	41	71	36	8	2	*10	*12	4
-61bc.	Montreal Canadiens	NHL	64	*50	45	*95	29	4	2	1	3	0
-62...	Montreal Canadiens	NHL	62	23	36	59	36	5	0	1	1	6
-63...	Montreal Canadiens	NHL	51	23	18	41	73	5	0	1	1	4
-64...	Montreal Canadiens	NHL	55	21	18	39	41	7	1	1	2	4
-66...	Out of Professional Hockey.											
-67...	NY Rangers	NHL	58	17	25	12	42	4	2	0	2	0
-68...	NY Rangers	NHL	59	5	16	21	11	1	0	1	1	0
	NHL Totals		883	393	429	822	689	132	58	60	118	88

on Calder Memorial Trophy.
on Art Ross Trophy.
on Hart Trophy.

HOWE, GORDON
Born, Floral, Sask., March 31, 1928.
Right wing. Shoots right. 6', 201 lbs.
Last amateur club: Saskatoon Lions Club Juveniles

			Regular Schedule					Playoffs			
Season	Club	Lea	GP	G	A	TP	PIM	GP	G	A	TP
1945-46...	Omaha	USHL	51	22	26	48	53	6	2	1	3
1946-47...	Detroit	NHL	58	7	15	22	52	5	0	0	0
1947-48...	Detroit	NHL	60	16	28	44	63	10	1	1	2
1948-49...	Detroit	NHL	40	12	25	37	57	11	*8	3	*11
1949-50...	Detroit	NHL	70	35	33	68	69	1	0	0	0
1950-51a..	Detroit	NHL	70	*43	*43	*86	74	6	4	3	7
1951-52ac.	Detroit	NHL	70	*47	39	*86	78	8	2	*5	*7
1952-53ac.	Detroit	NHL	70	*49	*46	*95	57	6	2	5	7
1953-54a..	Detroit	NHL	70	33	*48	*81	109	12	4	5	9
1954-55...	Detroit	NHL	64	29	33	62	68	11	*9	11	*20
1955-56...	Detroit	NHL	70	38	41	79	100	10	3	9	12
1956-57...	Detroit	NHL	70	*44	45	*89	72	5	2	5	7
1957-58c..	Detroit	NHL	64	33	44	77	40	4	1	1	2
1958-59...	Detroit	NHL	70	32	46	78	57	...	...	...	...
1959-60c..	Detroit	NHL	70	28	45	73	46	6	1	5	6
1960-61...	Detroit	NHL	64	23	49	72	30	11	4	11	*15
1961-62...	Detroit	NHL	70	33	44	77	54	...	...	...	...
1962-63ac.	Detroit	NHL	70	*38	48	*86	100	11	7	9	*16
1963-64...	Detroit	NHL	69	26	47	73	70	14	*9	10	*19
1964-65...	Detroit	NHL	70	29	47	76	104	7	4	2	6
1965-66...	Detroit	NHL	70	29	46	75	83	12	4	6	10
1966-67...	Detroit	NHL	69	25	40	65	53	...	...	...	...
1967-68...	Detroit	NHL	74	39	43	82	53	...	...	...	...
1968-69...	Detroit	NHL	76	44	59	103	58	...	...	...	...
1969-70...	Detroit	NHL	76	31	40	71	58	4	2	0	2
1970-71...	Detroit	NHL	63	23	29	52	38	...	...	...	...
	NHL Totals		1687	786	1023	1809	1643	154	67	91	158

a Won Art Ross Trophy.
b Won Hart Trophy.

HOWELL, HENRY VERNON (HARRY)
Born, Hamilton, Ont., December 28, 1932.
Defense. Shoots left. 6'1", 195 lbs.
Last amateur club: Guelph Biltmores (Jrs.).

			Regular Schedule					Playoffs				
on	Club	Lea	GP	G	A	TP	PIM	GP	G	A	TP	PIM
-52...	Cincinnati	AHL	1	0	0	0	0	...	...	...	...	...
-53...	NY Rangers	NHL	67	3	8	11	46	...	...	...	...	...
-54...	NY Rangers	NHL	67	7	9	16	58	...	...	...	...	...
-55...	NY Rangers	NHL	70	2	14	16	87	...	...	...	...	...
-56...	NY Rangers	NHL	70	3	15	18	77	5	0	1	1	4
-57...	NY Rangers	NHL	65	2	10	12	70	5	1	0	1	6
-58...	NY Rangers	NHL	70	4	7	11	62	6	1	0	1	8
-59...	NY Rangers	NHL	70	4	10	14	101	...	...	...	...	...
-60...	NY Rangers	NHL	67	7	6	13	58	...	...	...	...	...
-61...	NY Rangers	NHL	70	7	10	17	62	...	...	...	...	...
-62...	NY Rangers	NHL	66	6	15	21	94	6	0	1	1	8
-63...	NY Rangers	NHL	70	5	20	25	55	...	...	...	...	...
-64...	NY Rangers	NHL	70	5	31	36	75	...	...	...	...	...
-65...	NY Rangers	NHL	68	2	20	22	63	...	...	...	...	...
-66...	NY Rangers	NHL	70	4	29	33	92	...	...	...	...	...
-67a..	NY Rangers	NHL	70	12	28	40	54	4	0	0	0	4
-68...	NY Rangers	NHL	74	5	24	29	62	6	1	0	1	0
-69...	NY Rangers	NHL	56	4	7	11	36	2	0	0	0	0
-70...	Oakland	NHL	55	4	16	20	52	4	0	1	1	2
-71...	California	NHL	29	0	9	9	14	...	...	...	...	...
	Los Angeles	NHL	18	3	8	11	4	...	...	...	...	...
	NHL Totals		1261	89	296	385	1217	38	3	3	6	32

on James Norris Memorial Trophy.

HULL, ROBERT MARVIN (BOBBY)
Born, Point Anne, Ont., January 3, 1939.
Left wing. Shoots left. 5'10", 193 lbs.
Last amateur club: St. Catharines (Jrs.).

			Regular Schedule					Playoffs			
Season	Club	Lea	GP	G	A	TP	PIM	GP	G	A	TP
1957-58...	Chicago	NHL	70	13	34	47	62	...	...	...	...
1958-59...	Chicago	NHL	70	18	32	50	50	6	1	1	2
1959-60a..	Chicago	NHL	70	*39	42	*81	68	3	1	0	1
1960-61...	Chicago	NHL	67	31	25	56	43	12	4	10	14
1961-62a..	Chicago	NHL	70	*50	34	*84	35	12	*8	5	13
1962-63...	Chicago	NHL	65	31	31	62	27	5	*8	2	10
1963-64...	Chicago	NHL	70	*43	44	87	50	7	2	5	7
1964-65cd.	Chicago	NHL	61	39	32	71	32	14	*10	7	*17
1965-66ad.	Chicago	NHL	65	*54	43	*97	70	6	2	2	4
1966-67...	Chicago	NHL	66	*52	28	80	52	6	4	2	6
1967-68...	Chicago	NHL	71	44	31	75	39	11	4	6	10
1968-69...	Chicago	NHL	74	58	49	107	48	...	...	...	...
1969-70...	Chicago	NHL	61	38	29	67	8	8	3	8	11
1970-71...	Chicago	NHL	78	44	52	96	32	18	11	14	25
	NHL Totals		958	554	506	1060	616	108	58	62	120

a Won Art Ross Trophy
c Won Lady Byng Memorial Trophy.
d Won Hart Trophy.

LUMLEY, HARRY

Born, Owen Sound, Ont., November 11, 1926.
Goaltender. Shoots left. 6'1", 200 lbs.
Last amateur club: Barrie Colts (Juniors).

			Regular Schedule				Playoffs			
ason	Club	Lea	GP	GA	SO	GAPG	GP	GA	SO	GAPG
43-44	Indianapolis	AHL	52	147	0	2.84	5	18	0	3.60
43-44	Detroit	NHL	2	13	0	6.50	...	...	...	....
44-45	Indianapolis	AHL	21	46	2	2.19	...	...	...	....
44-45	Detroit	NHL	37	119	1	3.22	14	31	2	*2.21
45-46	Detroit	NHL	50	159	2	3.18	5	16	*1	3.20
46-47	Detroit	NHL	52	159	3	3.05	...	...	...	....
47-48	Detroit	NHL	60	147	*7	2.45	10	30	0	3.00
48-49	Detroit	NHL	60	145	6	2.42	11	26	0	2.36
49-50	Detroit	NHL	63	148	7	2.35	14	28	*3	2.00
50-51	Chicago	NHL	64	246	3	3.84	...	...	...	....
51-52	Chicago	NHL	70	241	2	3.44	...	...	...	....
52-53	Toronto	NHL	70	167	*10	2.38	...	...	...	....
53-54b	Toronto	NHL	69	128	*13	*1.85	5	15	0	3.00
54-55	Toronto	NHL	69	134	8	1.94	4	14	0	3.50
55-56	Toronto	NHL	59	159	3	2.69	5	14	1	2.80
56-57	Buffalo	AHL	63	264	0	4.19	...	...	...	....
57-58	Buffalo	AHL	17	63	1	3.71	...	...	...	....
57-58	Boston	NHL	25	71	3	2.84	1	5	0	5.00
58-59	Providence	AHL	58	208	4	3.59	...	...	...	....
58-59	Boston	NHL	11	27	1	2.45	7	20	0	2.85
59-60	Boston	NHL	42	147	2	3.50	...	...	...	....
60-61	Kingston	EPHL	2	7	0	3.50	...	...	...	....
60-61	Winnipeg	WHL	61	213	0	3.49	...	...	...	....
	NHL Totals		803	2210	71	2.75	76	199	7	2.62

Won Vezina Trophy.

MAHOVLICH, FRANCIS WILLIAM (FRANK)
Born, Timmins, Ont., January 10, 1938.
Center or Left wing. Shoots left. 6', 205 lbs.
Last amateur club: St. Michaels College (Jrs.).

			Regular Schedule					Playoffs				
Season	Club	Lea	GP	G	A	TP	PIM	GP	G	A	TP	P
1956-57...	Toronto	NHL	3	1	0	1	2	...	...	...	...	
1957-58a..	Toronto	NHL	67	20	16	36	67	...	...	...	...	
1958-59...	Toronto	NHL	63	22	27	49	94	12	6	5	11	
1959-60...	Toronto	NHL	70	18	21	39	61	10	3	1	4	
1960-61...	Toronto	NHL	70	48	36	84	131	5	1	1	2	
1961-62...	Toronto	NHL	70	33	38	71	87	12	6	6	12	
1962-63...	Toronto	NHL	67	36	37	73	56	9	0	2	2	
1963-64...	Toronto	NHL	70	26	29	55	66	14	4	*11	15	
1964-65...	Toronto	NHL	59	23	28	51	76	6	0	3	3	
1965-66...	Toronto	NHL	68	32	24	56	68	4	1	0	1	
1966-67...	Toronto	NHL	63	18	28	46	44	12	3	7	10	
1967-68...	Toronto	NHL	50	19	17	36	30	...	...	...	...	
	Detroit	NHL	13	7	9	16	2	...	...	...	...	
1968-69...	Detroit	NHL	76	49	29	78	38	...	...	...	...	
1969-70...	Detroit	NHL	74	38	32	70	59	4	0	0	0	
1970-71...	Detroit	NHL	35	14	18	32	30	...	...	...	...	
	Montreal	NHL	38	17	24	41	11	20	*14	13	*27	
	NHL Totals		956	421	413	802	892	108	38	49	87	1

a Won Calder Memorial Trophy.

MIKITA, STANLEY
Born, Sokolce, Czechoslovakia, May 20, 1940.
Center. Shoots right. 5'9", 165 lbs.
Last amateur club: St. Catharines (Jrs.).

			Regular Schedule					Playoffs				
Season	Club	Lea	GP	G	A	TP	PIM	GP	G	A	TP	P
1958-59...	Chicago	NHL	3	0	1	1	4	...	...	...	...	
1959-60...	Chicago	NHL	67	8	18	26	119	3	0	1	1	
1960-61...	Chicago	NHL	66	19	34	53	100	12	*6	5	11	
1961-62...	Chicago	NHL	70	25	52	77	97	12	6	*15	*21	
1962-63...	Chicago	NHL	65	31	45	76	69	6	3	2	5	
1963-64a..	Chicago	NHL	70	39	50	*89	146	7	3	6	9	
1964-65a..	Chicago	NHL	70	28	*59	*87	154	14	3	7	10	*
1965-66...	Chicago	NHL	68	30	*48	78	58	6	1	2	3	
1966-67abc	Chicago	NHL	70	35	*62	*97	12	6	2	2	4	
1967-68abc	Chicago	NHL	72	40	47	87	14	11	5	7	12	
1968-69...	Chicago	NHL	74	30	67	97	52	...	...	...	...	
1969-70...	Chicago	NHL	76	39	47	86	50	8	4	6	10	
1970-71...	Chicago	NHL	74	24	48	72	85	18	5	13	18	
	NHL Totals		845	348	578	926	960	103	38	66	104	1

a Won Art Ross Trophy.
b Won Hart Trophy.
c Won Lady Byng Trophy.

ORR, ROBERT G.

Born, Parry Sound, Ont., March 20, 1948.
Defense. Shoots left. 5'11", 180 lbs.
Last amateur club: Oshawa, Ont. (Jrs.).

			Regular Schedule					Playoffs				
n	Club	Lea	GP	G	A	TP	PIM	GP	G	A	TP	PIM
67a..	Boston	NHL	61	13	28	41	102	...	...	...	...	...
68b..	Boston	NHL	46	11	20	31	63	4	0	2	2	2
69b..	Boston	NHL	67	21	43	64	133	10	1	7	8	10
70bcdg	Boston	NHL	76	33	*87	*120	125	14	9	11	20	14
71bg.	Boston	NHL	78	37	*102	*139	91	7	5	7	12	25
	NHL Totals		328	115	280	395	514	35	15	27	42	51

n Calder Memorial Trophy.
n James Norris Memorial Trophy.
n Art Ross Trophy.
n Conn Smythe Trophy.
n Hart Trophy.

RICHARD, HENRI

Born, Montreal, Que., February 29, 1936.
Center. Shoots right. 5'7", 160 lbs.
Last amateur club: Montreal Canadiens (Jrs.).

			Regular Schedule					Playoffs				
Season	Club	Lea	GP	G	A	TP	PIM	GP	G	A	TP	PIM
1952-53...	Montreal Royals...	QHL	1	0	0	0	0	...	...	...	...	...
1955-56...	Montreal Canadiens	NHL	64	19	21	40	46	10	4	4	8	21
1956-57...	Montreal Canadiens	NHL	63	18	36	54	71	10	2	6	8	10
1957-58...	Montreal Canadiens	NHL	67	28	*52	80	56	10	1	7	8	11
1958-59...	Montreal Canadiens	NHL	63	21	30	51	33	11	3	8	11	13
1959-60...	Montreal Canadiens	NHL	70	30	43	73	66	8	3	9	*12	9
1960-61...	Montreal Canadiens	NHL	70	24	44	68	91	6	2	4	6	22
1961-62...	Montreal Canadiens	NHL	54	21	29	50	48	...	...	...	...	...
1962-63...	Montreal Canadiens	NHL	67	23	*50	73	57	5	1	1	2	2
1963-64...	Montreal Canadiens	NHL	66	14	39	53	73	7	1	1	2	9
1964-65...	Montreal Canadiens	NHL	53	23	29	52	43	13	7	4	11	24
1965-66...	Montreal Canadiens	NHL	62	22	39	61	47	8	1	4	5	2
1966-67...	Montreal Canadiens	NHL	65	21	34	55	28	10	4	6	10	2
1967-68...	Montreal Canadiens	NHL	54	9	19	28	16	13	4	4	8	4
1968-69...	Montreal Canadiens	NHL	64	15	37	52	45	14	2	4	6	8
1969-70...	Montreal Canadiens	NHL	62	16	36	52	61	...	...	...	...	...
1970-71...	Montreal Canadiens	NHL	75	12	37	49	69	20	5	7	12	20
	NHL Totals		1019	316	575	891	850	145	40	69	109	157

SAWCHUK, TERRANCE GORDON

Born, Winnipeg, Man., December 28, 1929. Died May 31, 1970.
Goaltender. Shot left. 5'11", 180 lbs.
Last amateur club: Windsor Spitfires (Juniors).

			Regular Schedule				Playoffs			
Season	Club	Lea	GP	GA	SO	GAPG	GP	GA	SO	GAPG
1947-48a..	Omaha	USHL	54	174	*4	*3.22	3	9	0	3.00
1948-49b..	Indianapolis	AHL	67	205	2	3.06	2	9	0	4.50
1949-50...	Detroit	NHL	7	16	1	2.28	...	...	...	....
1949-50...	Indianapolis	AHL	61	188	3	3.08	[illegible]	12	0	*1.50
1950-51c..	Detroit	NHL	70	139	*11	1.98	6	13	1	2.17
1951-52d..	Detroit	NHL	70	133	*12	*1.94	[illegible]	5	*4	[illegible].62
1952-53d..	Detroit	NHL	63	120	9	*1.90	6	21	1	3.50
1953-54e..	Detroit	NHL	66 2/3	129	12	1.92	12	20	*2	*1.67
1954-55de.	Detroit	NHL	68	132	*12	*1.94	11	26	*1	*2.36
1955-56...	Boston	NHL	68	181	9	2.66	...	...	...	....
1956-57...	Boston	NHL	34	81	2	2.38	...	...	...	....
1957-58...	Detroit	NHL	70	207	3	2.96	4	19	0	4.75
1958-59...	Detroit	NHL	67	209	5	3.12	...	...	...	....
1959-60...	Detroit	NHL	58	156	5	2.69	6	20	0	3.33
1960-61e..	Detroit	NHL	35 2/3	113	2	3.17	7	18	1	2.45
1961-62...	Detroit	NHL	43	143	5	3.32	...	...	...	....
1962-63...	Detroit	NHL	46	119	3	2.48	11	36	0	3.27
1963-64...	Detroit	NHL	52 1/3	138	5	2.70	11 2/3	31	1	2.66
1964-65...	Toronto.....	NHL	36	92	1	2.56	1	3	0	3.00
1965-66e..	Toronto.....	NHL	25 1/3	80	1	3.16	2	6	0	3.00
1966-67...	Toronto.....	NHL	23 1/3	66	2	2.81	9 1/3	25	0	2.65
1967-68...	Los Angeles	NHL	32 1/3	99	2	3.07	4 2/3	18	1	3.86
1968-69...	Detroit	NHL	10 2/3	28	0	2.62	...	...	...	....
1969-70e..	NY Rangers	NHL	7	20	1	2.91	1 1/3	6	0	4.51
	NHL Totals		953 1/3	2401	103	2.52	101	267	12	2.64

a Won USHL "Outstanding Rookie" award.
b Won Dudley "Red" Garrett Award for "outstanding rookie of the year."
c Won Calder Memorial Trophy (Outstanding Rookie).
d Won Vezina Trophy.
e Received one assist.
f Received two assists.
g Shared Vezina Trophy with Johnny Bower.

920
O'B

5657

O'Brien, Andy

Young hockey champions

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